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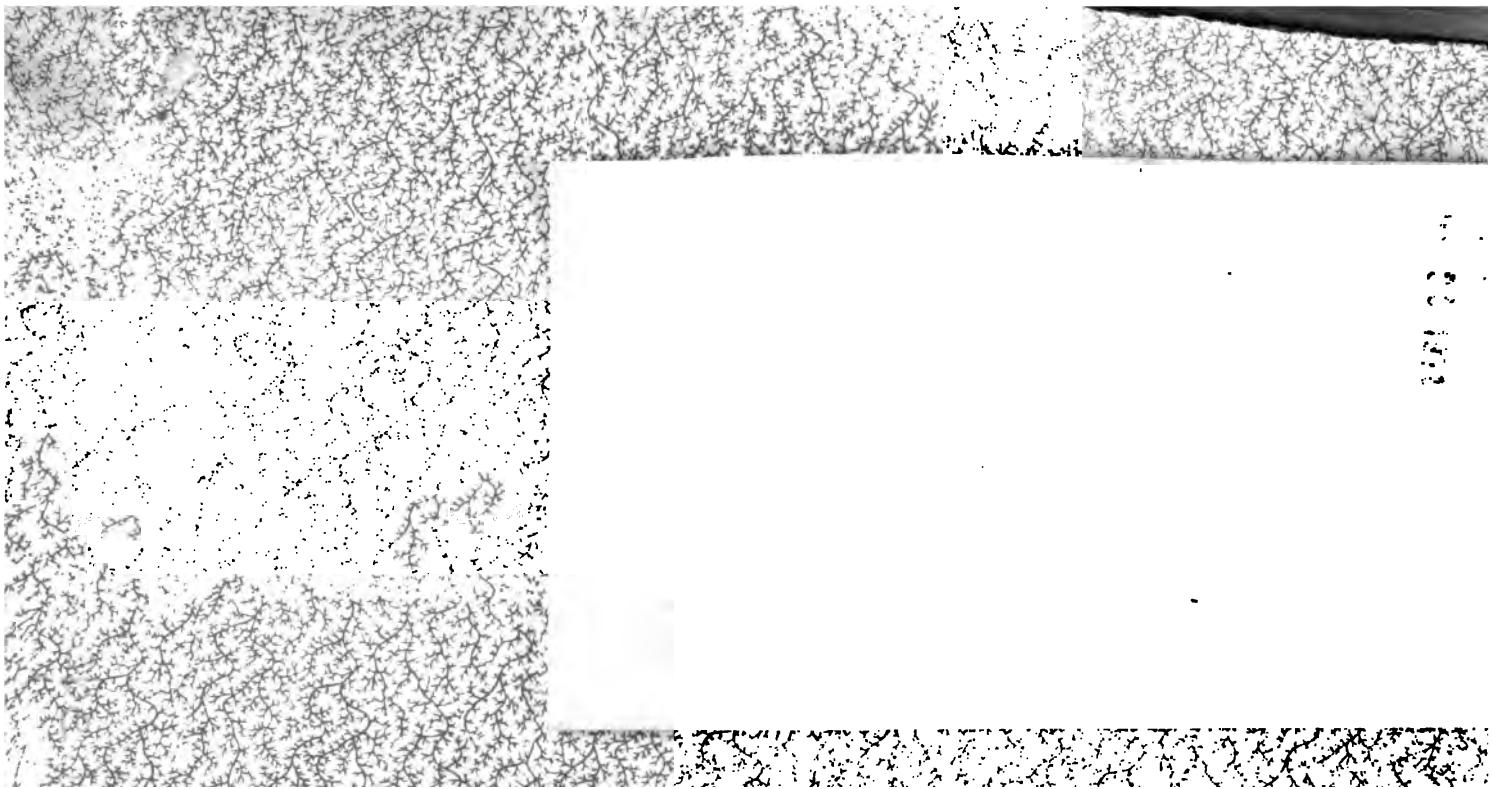

THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

HIMSELF AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A NEW LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AN ESTIMATE OF HIS

POETICAL CHARACTER AND WRITINGS,

AND OCCASIONAL REMARKS,

BY

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

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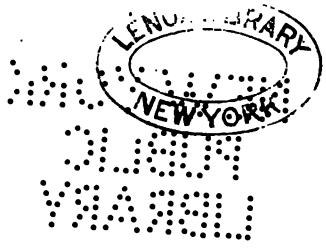

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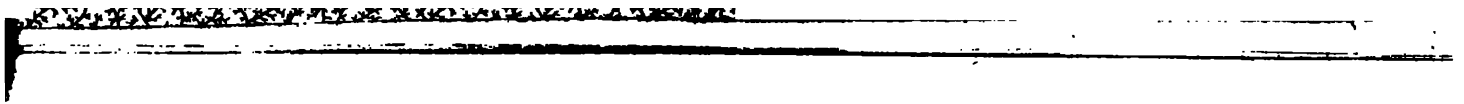
ESTIMATE

OF

THE POETICAL CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF POPE.



ESTIMATE

OF THE

POETICAL CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF POPE.

That amongst the chief favourites of the muse Pope is entitled to a distinguished rank, no one will be found to deny. The estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries has been acknowledged by their descendants; and has continued amidst the change of manners, the ordeal of criticism, and the efforts of rival genius, to the present day. Whatever may be the homage we pay to others, there is no author whose works have been more universally read, or are more fully remembered. From the great variety of subjects which they embrace, and the perspicuity, truth, and nature, with which every sentiment is expressed, they seem to have a relation to all our business and concerns, to be in unison with our thoughts and feelings, and to strike a corresponding chord in every bosom; insomuch that there is perhaps no poet, excepting Shakespear alone, whose works are applicable to so many purposes, or are quoted on so many different occasions.

Considerations of this nature have not however prevented some writers, and particularly the two last Editors of the works of Pope, from attempting to detract from the high reputation which he has so long enjoyed, and to assign to him only an inferior rank in the scale of poetical excellence. Accordingly, theories have been formed, and rules proposed, by which this decision is to be made. Dr. Warton informs us, that "the *largest portion* of the works of Pope is of the

didactic, moral, and satiric kind, and consequently not of the *most poetic species* of poetry; whence it is manifest," says he, "that good-sense and judgment were his characteristic excellences, rather than fancy and invention." Mr. Bowles has asserted that "all images drawn from what is beautiful or sublime in the works of nature, are *more* beautiful and sublime than images drawn from the works of art;" whence he contends, that as Pope was conversant with the latter, rather than the former, "he is not to be classed amongst the highest order of poets;" and that "the career which he opened to himself was in the *second order* of poetry."

It cannot be disputed that poetical composition may with propriety be divided into different classes or departments, as epic, dramatic, didactic, or lyric; but that some of these classes *are more poetical* than others, is a proposition which will not perhaps meet with so ready an assent. The subjects of poetry are as various as nature herself. Poetry is the art of presenting these to the imagination in their most vivid and striking forms, throwing, like the mid-day sun, a brighter lustre on whatever object it touches; but there is in fact no poetry in any subject, except what is called forth by the genius of the poet. The objects presented to us may be *magnificent*, or *terrific*, or *pleasing*, or *mournful*, or *ludicrous;* but whether they are *poetical* or not must wholly depend on the powers of the artist by whom they are represented.

The Odyssey is not so sublime as the Iliad, but it cannot be said that it is on that account less poetical. The subject of the Odyssey is of a different nature; but we find in each, as is justly observed by Pope, "the same vivacity and fecundity of invention, the same life and strength of imagery and colouring, the particular descriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and various."—"The Battle

of Constantine and the School of Athens are both pieces of Raffaelle: shall we censure the School of Athens as faulty, because it has not the fury and fire of the other?"— "There is all the silence, and composure, and tranquillity in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the subject of either required: both of them had been imperfect if they had not been as they are." Yet according to the rule now attempted to be established, Homer was a poet of the first order when he wrote the Iliad, and only of the second when he wrote the Odyssey.

But it may be asked whether a poet or a painter, who undertakes a great subject, and executes it in a suitable and efficient manner, must not on that account be esteemed a greater artist, than he who undertakes an inferior subject, and executes it in a suitable manner. The answer is, there are no great subjects but such as are made so by the genius of the artist. The descriptions of Milton present to us objects of sublimity which exalt and dignify our feelings; we wander with Ariosto, or Spenser, through enchanted castles, and interest ourselves in the stories of adventurous knights and distressed damsels; we weep over the fate of Desdemona, or of Juliet; we enjoy with a smile the nature and wit displayed in the character of Sir Roger de Coverley; and we relax our features into a broad laugh on the appearance of Sir John Falstaff, or of Tony Lumpkin; but the preference we may give to one of these over another, is a moral preference, and has no relation whatever to their merits as works of genius and imagination. Those who perceive in themselves a sympathy with high and dignified feelings, will be most gratified with those elevated subjects which are best calculated to excite them. Those who are what is called sentimental, may indulge their tenderness in the works of Rousseau or Richardson; whilst others may prefer the bolder pictures of human life and manners exhibited in the writings of Fielding or Smollet,

and willingly relinquish the ideas of grandeur and sublimity, for the accurate representations of truth and nature which they there discover. But with these distinctions poetry has no concern. Genius can ennoble the lowest subject, as the want of it may debase the highest. It would be endless to recapitulate the Epic Poems which have either been strangled in the birth, or have perished as soon as born. The Italians, alone, in the sixteenth century, produced an incredible quantity, and every nation has its *limbo* of poets, *flentes in limine primo;* whilst, on the other hand, poems on the most unfavourable and trivial subjects have, through the mere genius of their authors, been engraven on the tablets of immortality. Thus we have the Battle of the Frogs and Mice of Homer; the Georgics of Virgil; the Chess-play of Vida; the Bees of Rucellai; the Syphilis of Fracastoro; the Capitoli of Berni and his followers; the Malmantile of Lippi; the Secchia of Tassoni; the Lutrin of Boileau; the Dispensary of Garth; the Rape of the Lock, by Pope; the School-mistress of Shenstone; the Task, by Cowper; the Deserted Village, by Goldsmith; the Cotter's Saturday Night, by Burns; and the humorous, or ludicrous compositions of Butler and of Swift. Instances sufficient to shew, that "nothing is trifling in the hand of genius, and that importance itself becomes a bauble in that of mediocrity. The Shepherd's staff of Paris would have been an engine of death in the grasp of Achilles; the ash of Peleus could only have dropt from the effeminate fingers of the curled archer."*

We have been so often told that poetry exists in inanimate objects, that we seem to believe it, and thus become the dupes of our own phraseology. Thus we say, the mountains and the forests are poetical, and the skies are poetical, and the waves of the sea, and the winds, and the

* Fuseli: Aphorisms on Art.

thunder, are all poetical; forgetting that the poetry is in the mind that can conceive and express it, and not in the object of which we speak. We are finely told that there are

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

But it is only the contemplative, or in other words the poetical mind, that finds them; to the herd of mankind they are silent and useless, or if they impart an emotion, the creative energy is wanting that can alone convey the feeling to the mind of another, and give life and animation to that which would otherwise have remained inert and dead.

"Wherever the appearances of the exterior world," says an elegant writer, "are expressive to us of qualities which we love or admire; wherever, from our education, our connexions, our habits, or our pursuits, its qualities are associated in our minds with affecting or interesting emotion, there the pleasures of beauty and sublimity (yes, and the feelings of joy and of sorrow, and of every sentiment and passion of the human mind) are felt, or at least are *capable* of being felt. Our minds, instead of being governed by the character of external objects, are enabled to bestow on them a character which does not belong to them: and even with the rudest or the commonest appearances of nature, to connect feelings of a nobler, or a more interesting kind, than any that the mere influences of matter can ever convey." *Alison's Essay on Taste.*

The question then, is not whether Pope, or any other author, has selected the most sublime, the most romantic, the most ludicrous, the most promising, or the most unfavourable subjects; whether he has drawn them from the works of nature or the works of art; but whether he has animated them with the living breath of his own genius—

whether he has placed them before us in all the colours of reality—whether in unfolding the emotions of the mind, he

Has made us feel each passion that he feigns,

and has been enabled to associate our sensations with objects that are in themselves the most indifferent, common, or contemptible.

The finest Landscape that Rubens perhaps ever painted, is the representation of a flat and uniform country in a shower of rain, and we equally participate in the feelings of the genuine poet, whether he represent to us the strife of heroes, or a game at ombre, whether he describe the launch of a ship amidst breathless crowds, or a mountain daisy turned up by the plough. In this respect he may truly be said to possess a spark of that attribute, which Pope has so beautifully described as characteristic of the divinity, and to be

As full, as perfect, in a hair, as heart!

It has however been the practice of those who have attempted to depreciate the talents of Pope, to admit that he occasionally exhibited powers which placed him on an equality with the loftiest sons of song. Thus we are informed by one of his critics, that, "in his Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard, he appears on the high ground of the poet of nature," and that "in his Rape of the Lock, where he gives a more poetical employment to the more dignified order of genii, he is equal to Shakespear."* After such passages, and many others of the same kind, which we meet with in the works of his critics, can it be allowed them to state these acknowledged excellences by way of exception only to the general tenor of the author's productions?†

* Mr. Bowles.

† "Pope must be judged by the rank in which he stands; amongst those of the French school, not the Italian; among those whose delineations are taken more from manners than nature. When I say that this is his predominant character, I must be insensible to every thing exquisite in poetry, if I did not except *instanter*, the Epistle of Eloisa, &c." *Bowles.*

"As well might we deny (as has justly been observed) the strength of Milo, because he carried an ox but once," or assert that Michelagnolo was no sculptor, except in his Moses, and Raffaelle no painter, except in his transfiguration. Surely neither man nor elephant can be an exception to himself.

That the inventive powers of Pope were confined only to a few particular instances is, however, an assertion not founded on fact. Whether we apply that term to the construction of a fable, or continued narrative of imaginary and fictitious events, as in the Rape of the Lock, or the Dunciad, or to the illustration of any subject, whatever its nature may be, by the introduction of appropriate decoration, and beautiful figures of speech, as in his moral and didactic writings, it cannot be denied that Pope has displayed the powers of imagination in a degree which entitles him to rank with the most celebrated poets in any age or country. It may, indeed, be said, that as the principal Epic Poems of which the world so justly boasts, profess to be, and in some degree are founded on historical events, and are consequently a narrative of matter of fact, embellished, indeed, by the genius of the poet; so the allegorical poems of Pope, being founded chiefly on fiction, and introducing beings of a new and fanciful character in poetry, exhibit greater powers of imagination than are required for works of the former description, and entitle him to rank with those authors, who, like Shakespear and Spenser, have pictured out to us the forms of things unseen, and have given to airy nothing

"A local habitation and a name."

If ever any individual was born a poet it was Pope. Indications of this had manifested themselves as early as eight or nine years of age. In his early progress he refused to

be led by the hand through long and thorny ways, but went to the living well and drank. As he approached, the great masters of former ages seem to have unfolded their works to him; and he read and enjoyed them at a time of life when others are employed only in acquiring the rudiments of learning. Such was the facility of his powers, and the quickness of his apprehension, that he extended himself over all subjects, and epic, and satiric, and tragic, and comic, and lyric poetry, were the playthings of his childhood. The perceptions he had of the peculiar manner and style of his predecessors were such, that he reflected them again as from a mirror, and his imitations, whilst they astonish us by their resemblance, convince us that he might have succeeded in any department to which he had chosen to devote his talents. Amongst his earliest favourites were Ovid and Statius, whose ostentatious qualifications naturally attracted his young mind, and when he applied

"The loud Papinian trumpet to his lips,"

he shewed at least how deeply he had imbibed the spirit of his author. In this enchanted land he did not however long remain, but entered with Virgil and with Homer into the true recesses of the Muses, guiding himself by their precepts, and founding himself on their example.

Of English authors those to whom Pope stands the nearest related in genius and poetical character, are Chaucer and Dryden, both of them not only the objects of his warm admiration, but of his avowed and frequent imitation. Chaucer may be said to be, like Pope, a general poet. His excellence was not confined to any particular department. He was qualified

"happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

In this respect Chaucer is unrivalled by any of his successors, except Shakespear and Pope, both of whom resemble

him also in that moral and contemplative character which delights in comparing, and illustrating the phenomena of the moral and physical world, and demonstrating that not an incident or a sensation can take place in the one without exciting in the mind a decided sympathy with the other.

It was probably this similarity of taste that induced Pope when young to imitate several of the pieces of Chaucer, and in particular to write his Temple of Fame, one of the noblest, although one of the earliest of his productions. That the hint of this piece is taken from Chaucer's House of Fame, is sufficiently obvious, yet the design is greatly altered, and the descriptions, and many of the particular thoughts, are his own; notwithstanding which, such is the coincidence and happy union of the work with its prototype, that it is almost impossible to distinguish those portions which are originally Pope's, from those for which he has been indebted to Chaucer.

In the establishment of the English language, Chaucer may be said to have laid the foundation of a building which it was the good fortune of Pope to complete. In this point of view they have each their respective merit—a merit in which none of their countrymen can contend with them; but it would be as frivolous to attempt to decide which of them is intitled to the higher praise, as it would to inquire whether Bramante, who laid the foundations of the church of St. Peter at Rome, or Michelagnolo, who raised the cupola, is the greatest architect.

Sir Walter Scott, with somewhat of the partiality of an editor, has, in his Life of Dryden, claimed on several occasions for his author, a place next to Shakespear and Milton, in the series of English poets, and has even ventured to insinuate a doubt whether he is not entitled to a still higher rank. In the opening of his advertisement to the Life, he denominates him "one who may claim *at least*

the third place, and who has given proofs of *greater versatility of talent* than either Shakespear or Milton, though justly placed inferior to them *in their peculiar provinces.*" And his volume concludes with declaring the name of *Dryden* to be "second only to those of Milton and of Shakespear." On which of his performances this superiority is supposed to rest, it is not easy to discover. Dismissing his translations, and his dramatic pieces, neither of which can entitle him to so distinguished an honour, what work of original genius has Dryden produced that can compare in fancy, in feeling, in strength, or in dignity, with the Rape of the Lock, the Epistle of Eloisa, the Dunciad, or the Essay on Man? It may be said that the Ode for Music by Dryden, excels that of Pope on the same subject; but admitting this to be the fact, the superiority in a single effort and a short composition, cannot induce us to forget the numerous instances in which the case is reversed, and in which the works of Dryden stand in no degree of competition with those of Pope. On this subject the only decisive judge is the public, and it would not perhaps be too much to assert, that where one person reads Dryden, ten at least read Pope, and that where one line of Dryden is recited by memory, a hundred are repeated from the works of Pope. Nor is this difficult to be accounted for. Such is the continual alloy, such the vulgarity and contaminated taste, which occur in the works of Dryden, that it is scarcely possible to point out a single composition in which examples do not appear, sufficient to take away the appetite of the most voracious reader.

But it will perhaps be said that passages of this kind in the writings of Dryden are amply compensated by others which excel those of his rivals, as much as these confessedly fall below them. If however we may judge from the general opinion on this subject, and the infrequency with which the works of Dryden have been called for by the

public, we shall scarcely be inclined to admit, that even if undebased by an inferior mixture, they are such as to confer on him the high rank now claimed for him. They may indeed be considered as veins of a rich ore, but they are so intimately intermixed with such a mass of an inferior material, that to separate them requires in general more expense and trouble than they are worth. Few attempts are of less utility than those which profess to arrange the different degrees of rank to which poets are entitled; as amongst writers of eminence every individual exhibits a different kind of excellence, which cannot be compared with that of another;* but whatever may be the grounds or principles upon which the decision is founded, it is impossible that whilst *Chaucer*, and *Spenser*, and *Pope* remain, Dryden should retain undisturbed possession of the rank assigned to him as the third in dignity of the British poets.

I. In attempting to describe those characteristics which are peculiar to Pope, and by which he is more particularly distinguishable both from those who preceded him, and those who have followed him, we may in the first place observe in all his writings a striking, expressive, and energetic manner, so peculiar as to carry with it a conviction that no other person could have compressed the same sentiments into such narrow limits, with such full effect. At the same time he is always equal and consistent with himself; in whatever he attempts he always succeeds; whether he rises or falls, he does it with equal grace; the one displays no effort, the other no weakness.

II. He always goes directly to his point, and occupies

* Pope disliked comparisons of authors. "In speaking of comparisons upon an absurd and unnatural footing, he mentions Virgil and Homer, Corneille and Racine, the little ivory statue of Polycletes and the Colossus; *magis pares quam similes*? Aye, that's in one word." *Spence's Anec.* p. 9. *Singer's ed.*

no useless time. To his writings nothing can be added but what would be superfluous, from them nothing can be taken away but what would occasion a deficiency. He does not say all that can be said, but all that ought to be said.

III. He is always alive and attentive to his subject, and keeps his readers so. Homer nods, but Pope never nods. On whatever subject he writes, there is a continual and rapid variety, that plays upon the imagination, and surprizes, elevates, softens, or in some other manner affects or delights the mind; yet this is never dwelt upon so as to become tiresome or disgusting. A quick sense of propriety distinguishes all he says. His tact is sure. He feels for the reader, and never offers him any thing but what is acceptable. This is a perpetual compliment to the good sense or perhaps the self-love of the reader, who perceives that he is never treated with disrespect or neglect, and that the author has not only done all that was in his power, but all that was possible to be done to gratify him.*

IV. Though highly ornamented, he exhibits no ambitious love of ornament; nothing but what his subject demands. If the idea or image intended to be communicated require only a simple statement, it is always given in the most appropriate and fewest words. No unnecessary similes are introduced to illustrate a proposition which is sufficiently clear already. Pope well knew, that the finest figures of speech, if brought forward for their own sake, are an impertinence, not an ornament. When required, they are always ready at hand, and in the skilful use of them no one ever excelled him; but he never employs them more frequently or longer than the occasion requires. As soon as the idea is communicated, the reader is not intruded upon by useless repetitions.

* He has himself declared, that "he was afraid of nothing so much as to impose any thing on the world which was unworthy of its acceptance." *Letter to Steele.*

V. But perhaps the superlative merit of Pope consists in the purity and correctness of his language, which is truly English, and exhibits no instances of being debased or intermixed with the French or any other foreign idioms, as some of his critics would lead us to suppose. If we had paid as much attention to our own language as the Italians have done to theirs, this would place Pope at the head of our *Testi di Lingua*, or models of composition; nor would it be too much to say, that if every English writer were to be corrected, so as to bring him to a true standard, there would be less to alter in Pope than in any other. In this respect it has justly been observed by Lord Byron, that in case of an overwhelming convulsion, the surviving world would snatch from the wreck the writings of Pope in preference to those of all his countrymen.

VI. To these peculiar endowments of Pope, as a poet, we may add, the variety which he has displayed not only in the choice of his subjects, but in the manner in which he has treated them. Poetry, like music, and, indeed, like all the imitative arts, admits of great diversity of excellence, and it is in general sufficient if a poet can arrive at superiority in any one department, as it is for a musician to perform with superlative skill on any one instrument. If, however, we consider the writings of Pope with a view of ascertaining the universality of his talents, we shall find that there is scarcely a subject, from the simplest description, to the sublimest strains of devotion, or the deepest recesses of intellectual and moral truth, which has not engaged his attention, and on which his efforts have not been attended with the most acknowledged success. To exemplify these remarks, by shewing in what manner Pope has employed his different powers and acquirements in the various productions of his pen, would here have been necessary; but for what remains to be said on this subject,

the reader is referred to the observations which will be found prefixed to the principal poems in the ensuing volumes; which may be considered as continuing the present imperfect estimate of the poetical character and writings of Pope.

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The clearness, the closeness, and the elegance of style, with which this preface is written, render it one of the best pieces of prose in our language. It abounds in strong good sense, and profound knowledge of life. It is written with such simplicity that scarcely a single metaphor is to be found in it. Atterbury was so delighted with it, that he tells our Author he had read it over twice with pleasure, and desired him not to balance a moment about printing it; "always provided there is nothing said there that you may have occasion to unsay hereafter." These words are remarkable. This preface far excels those of Pelisson, Vaugelas, and D'Ablancourt, of which the French boast so highly. *Warton.*

If Pope has not distinguished himself as much by his prose compositions as by his poetry, yet he has attained in the former, as Dr. Warton has justly observed, a high degree of excellence; as appears not only in this preface, but from other parts of his writings; in which we perceive the same force and precision, the same clear construction of his sentences, and easy flow of expression as in his verses; insomuch that if published anonymously, it would not have been difficult to have ascribed them to their proper author. The same may be observed of *Dryden*, whose poetry and prose bear a near resemblance to each other, and have the same characteristic excellences and defects; but is by no means applicable to all writers who have adopted both modes of composition. Who, for instance, that had only read some of *Milton*'s prose works, would have conjectured from them that he was the author of *Lycidas*, *Comus*, or the *Paradise Lost?* Many examples might be given, where the finest writers in prose have totally failed when they have applied their talents to poetry; and it is therefore the less extraordinary that all who have excelled in poetry, should not have succeeded equally in prose.

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest; so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly past upon Poems. A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it

then be wondered at, if the Poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments.*

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men, who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

(Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad Author deserves better usage than a bad Critic: for a Writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a Critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.†)

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination: and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propen-

* In the former editions it was thus—*For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation*——But the Author altered it, as these words were rather a consequence from the conclusion he would draw, than the conclusion itself, which he has now inserted. *Warburton.*

† In the edition of 1717, the above passage stands thus; *Yet sure upon the whole a bad author deserves better usage than a bad critic; a man may be the former merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment, but he cannot be the latter without both that and an ill temper.*

sity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now if he happens to write ill, (which is certainly no sin in itself,) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with

the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a prince or a beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit, for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a coxcomb: if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people, who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate or suspect him: a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amuse-

ment when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors,* he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. (I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about Fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore: since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these Trifles by Prefaces,† biassed by recommendation, dazzled with the

* This fate and these dangers have been the subject of an ingenious epistle by the amiable Mr. Whitehead, "The Danger of writing Verse;" one of the happiest imitations of our Author's didactic manner; in which are many particulars suggested or borrowed from this preface. *Warton.*

† As was the practice of his master Dryden, who is severely lashed for this in the Tale of a Tub; and of as great a genius, P. Corneille, whose pieces of base adulation are a disgrace to poetry and literature. Our author was accustomed to mention Locke's Dedication to Lord Pembroke with strong marks of disapprobation. *Warton.*

names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses.*) I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ because it amused me; I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published because I was told, I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of Poetry.†

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much Genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to

* The above passage does not appear in the edition of 1717; but was added by the author in the subsequent editions.

† "Il n'y a presque aucun de mes ouvrages dont je sois content, et il y en a quelques uns que je voudrais n'avoir jamais faits," says Voltaire. *Warton.*

have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: though, if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one Island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one age.

All that is left us * is, to recommend our produc-

* I have frequently heard Dr. Young speak with great disapprobation of the doctrine contained in this passage; with a view to which he wrote his discourse on *Original Composition:* in which he says, "Would not Pope have succeeded better in an *original* attempt? Talents untried are talents unknown. All that I know is, that, contrary to these sentiments, he was not only an avowed professor of imitation, but a zealous recommender of it also. Nor could he recommend any thing better, except emulation, to those who write. One of these, all writers must call to their aid; but aids they are of unequal repute. Imitation is inferiority confessed; emulation is superiority contested or denied; imitation is servile, emulation generous; that fetters, this fires; that may give a name; this, a name immortal. This made Athens to succeeding ages the rule of taste, and the standard of perfection. Her men of genius struck fire against each other; and kindled, by conflict, into glories, which no time shall extinguish. We thank Eschylus for Sophocles, and Parrhasius for Zeuxis; *emulation* for both. That bids us fly the general fault of *imitators;* bids us not be struck with the loud report of former fame, as with a knell, which damps the spirits; but, as with a trumpet, which inspires ardour to rival the renowned. Emulation exhorts us, instead of learning our discipline for ever like raw troops, under ancient leaders in composition, to put those laurelled veterans in some hazard of losing their superior posts in glory. Such is emulation's high spirited advice, such her immortalizing call. Pope would not hear, pre-engaged with imita-

tions by the imitation of the Ancients; and it will be found true, that in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times; and what we call learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our fathers: and, indeed, it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my

tion, which blessed him with all her charms. He chose rather, with his namesake of Greece, to triumph in the old world, than to look out for a new. His taste partook the error of his religion; it denied not worship to saints and angels; that is, to writers, who, canonized for ages, have received their apotheosis from established and universal fame." It might, perhaps, have been replied to Young; you, indeed, have given us a considerable number of original thoughts in your works, but they would have been more chaste and correct if you had imitated the ancients more. There are entertaining dissertations on plagiarisms and borrowing in Le Motthe le Vayer, tom. ii. 344.

The opinion of Longinus deserves our attention. Ἐστὶ δ' ὁ κλοπὴ τὸ πρᾶγμα ἀλλ', ὡς ἀπὸ καλῶν ἠθῶν, ἢ πλασμάτων, ἢ δημιουργημάτων ἀπόλυπωσις. Sect. 13, p. 88, edit. Pearce. Of this opinion also were Addison and Boileau. *Warton.*

errors, both by my friends and enemies:* but the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live: one may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together: and what Critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. (I would not be like those authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and *vice versa* a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines.†) I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me,

* In the edition of 1717, the following passage here occurs; *and that I expect not to be excused in any negligence, on account of youth, want of leisure, or any other idle allegations;* which not being quite consistent with a passage that afterwards occurs, was perhaps for that reason here omitted.

† This passage has been added in the subsequent editions.

and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection.* And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miscellanies or Works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If time shall make it the former, may these poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony, that their author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of party or self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer,

* This fair and honest statement should surely have prevented the admission of many things, which have been inserted, in Pope's Works, contrary to his own intentions. *Bowles.*

It would have been well if *all* the editors of Pope had been aware of the justice of the above remark.

but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, that there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty; so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language; or, when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and

a *memento mori* to some of my vain contemporaries the poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

VARIATIONS

IN THE

AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT PREFACE.

After p. 9, l. 4, it followed thus,—For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency: but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet)*. 'Tis a vast happiness to possess the plea-

sures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muses are *amicæ omnium horarum;* and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I can't but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials and sad experience have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct: besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At p. 12, l. 15.—In the first place I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies: And that I expect no favour on account of

my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old, and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life than in pleasing the critics.

COMMENDATORY POEMS.

COMMENDATORY POEMS.

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, descended from a noble family of great antiquity, distinguished himself in a military capacity both by sea and land. After the revolution, he was created Marquis of Normanby, and on the accession of Queen Anne, Duke of Buckingham; under which different titles he is celebrated by his contemporaries, and in particular by Dryden, Roscommon, Lansdown, Garth, and Pope. His *Essay on Poetry* may be considered as one of the earliest attempts to restore a just taste in English literature, and as having led the way to the great improvement which soon afterwards followed. Of the splendid mansion which he erected in St. James's Park, since called Buckingham House, and of his manner of living there, he has left a very curious account in a letter to the Duke of Chandos. He died in February, 1720. He married Catharine Darnley, daughter of James II. by the Countess of Dorchester.

ON MR. POPE AND HIS POEMS.

With Age decay'd, with Courts and bus'ness tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what ease requir'd;
Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,
And from the Critics safe arriv'd in Port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidst advent'rous rovers of the pen:
And after so much undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.
Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme;

Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd!
But to this Genius, join'd with so much Art,
Such various learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.
And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing
As the great ILIAD, scarce could make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
Can all desert in Sciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways,
But a much greater to give Merit praise.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA,

Wife of Daniel, second Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, distinguished herself by her poem on the Spleen, printed in Gildon's Miscellany, 1701. She also wrote a Tragedy, never acted, called Aristomenes. Her poems were printed in London, 1713. Octavo.*

The following complimentary verses to Pope are omitted in the editions of Warburton, Warton, and Bowles; but having been given by Pope in the first edition of his Poems, in 1717, are here reprinted from that edition.

TO MR. POPE.

THE Muse of every heavenly gift allow'd
To be the chief, is public, tho' not proud.

* Swift has addressed her in an *Impromptu*, under the name of *Ardelia*; v. *Swift's Works, Sir Walter Scott's ed.* vol. xiii. p. 344.

Widely extensive is the Poet's aim,
And in each verse he draws a bill on fame.
For none have writ (whatever they pretend)
Singly to raise a Patron, or a Friend;
But whatsoe'er the theme or object be,
Some commendations to themselves foresee.
Then let us find, in your foregoing page,
The celebrating Poems of the age;
Nor by injurious scruples think it fit
To hide their judgments who applaud your wit.
But let their pens to yours, the heralds prove,
Who strive for you as Greece for Homer strove.
Whilst he who best your poetry asserts,
Asserts his own, by sympathy of parts.—
Me panegyric verse does not inspire,
Who never well can praise what I admire;
Nor in those lofty trials dare appear,
But gently drop this counsel in your ear.
Go on, to gain applauses by desert,
Inform the head, whilst you dissolve the heart;
Inflame the soldier with harmonious rage,
Elate the young, and gravely warm the sage.
Allure with tender verse, the female race,
And give their darling passion, courtly grace;
Describe the forest still in rural strains,
With vernal sweets fresh breathing from the plains.
Your Tales be easy, natural, and gay,
Nor all the Poet in that part display;
Nor let the Critic, there his skill unfold,
For Boccace thus, and Chaucer Tales have told.

Sooth, as you only can, each differing taste,
And for the future charm as in the past.
Then should the verse of ev'ry artful hand,
Before your numbers eminently stand;
In you no vanity could thence be shewn,
Unless, since short in beauty, of your own,
Some envious scribbler might in spite declare,
That for comparison you plac'd them there.
But envy could not against you succeed,
'Tis not from friends that write, or foes that read;
Censure or praise must from ourselves proceed.

MR. WYCHERLEY.

The following lines by Wycherley afford a very favourable specimen of his poetical talents; insomuch that Dennis and others contended that Pope was himself the author of them; a charge which Pope thought it worth his while to refute, by stating that "the first *brouillon* of them, and the second copy with corrections, were both extant in Wycherley's own hand-writing." They were written in 1708, before the publication of the pastorals; and are repeatedly referred to in Wycherley's Letters to Pope; in one of which he says, "I have made a damn'd compliment in verse upon the printing your pastorals, which you shall see when you see me."

TO MR. POPE, ON HIS PASTORALS.

In these more dull, as more censorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
A Muse sincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found
Art strength'ning Nature, sense improv'd by sound.

Unlike those Wits, whose numbers glide along
So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
Laboriously enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at best most musically dull:
So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
As smoothest speech is most deceitful found,
The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound.
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as youth, as age consummate too:
Your strains are regularly bold, and please
With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease,
With proper thoughts, and lively images:
Such as by Nature to the Ancients shewn,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
For great men's fashions to be follow'd are,
Altho' disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear.
Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral,
Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall;
Like some fair Shepherdess, the Sylvan Muse
Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce;
And the true measure of the Shepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit:
Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common swains be wrought.
So, with becoming art, the Players dress
In silks, the shepherd and the shepherdess;
Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely russet of the swain.

Your rural Muse appears to justify
The long lost graces of simplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our sense
With virgin charms, and native excellence.
Yet long her modesty those charms conceal'd,
'Till by men's envy to the world reveal'd;
For Wits industrious to their trouble seem,
And needs will envy what they must esteem.
Live and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight;
So Larks, which first from lowly fields arise,
Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

FR. KNAPP.

THE following lines were addressed to Mr. Pope, from Killala, in the county of Mayo, in Ireland, (a circumstance which serves to explain the allusion at the commencement of them); and were dated *June* 7, 1715. They were printed in the first edition of the works of Pope, where some lines appear which have been judiciously omitted in the subsequent editions.

TO MR. POPE, ON HIS WINDSOR FOREST.

HAIL, sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care,
And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here:

A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,
And China's Earth was cast on common sand:
Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay,
And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
Thy treasures next arriv'd: and now we boast
A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
More lasting glories than the East can give.
Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows
The sylvan state that on her border grows,
While she the wand'ring shepherd entertains
With a new Windsor in her wat'ry plains;
Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
The living scene is in the Muse's glass.
Nor sweeter notes the echoing forests cheer,
When Philomela sits and warbles there,
Than when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades:
A *Titian*'s hand might draw the grove, but you
Can paint the grove, and add the music too.
With vast variety thy pages shine;
A new creation starts in ev'ry line.
How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
And make a doubtful scene of shade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!

And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom:
Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
And bearded groves display their annual pride.
  Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre,
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields
    inspire!
Thrice happy thou! and worthy best to dwell
Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.
I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhime,
Here on the Western beach attempt to chime.
O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!
Snatch me, ye Gods! from these *Atlantic* shores,
And shelter me in *Windsor*'s fragrant bow'rs;
Or to my much lov'd *Isis*' walks convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay.
Thence let me view the venerable scene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green:
Where sacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Classic store,
And made that Music which was noise before.
There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,
Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise,
Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd
Nor envy'd *Windsor* in the soft abode.

The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:
They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That *Maro* taught, or *Addison* inspir'd.
Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string:
Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing?
Rouz'd from these dreams by thy commanding strain,
I rise and wander through the field or plain;
Led by thy Muse from sport to sport I run,
Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy
On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheasant lie;
His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And every feather shines and varies there.
Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by,
But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly
O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,
Nor can the rapid sight pursue the flying horse.
Oh could thy *Virgil* from his orb look down,
He'd view a courser that might match his own!
Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.
Who can refuse *Lodona*'s melting tale?
The soft complaint shall over time prevail;
The Tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,
The Nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.
Nor shall thy song, old *Thames!* forbear to shine,
At once the subject and the song divine.

Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n *Britons* more
Than all their shouts for Victory before.
Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy stream,
The World should tremble at her awful name:
From various springs divided waters glide,
In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide,
Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
At once they murmur and enrich the Isle;
A while distinct through many channels run,
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;
There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names,
And make one glorious, and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAPP.

ELIJAH FENTON.

BY far the most elegant and best turned compliment of all addressed to our Author; happily borrowed from that fine Greek epigram in the Anthologia, p. 30, and most gracefully applied;

Ἤιδον μὲν Ἐγὼν ἐχάρασσε δὲ θεῖος Ὅμηρος.

Fenton was the best Greek scholar of all our Author's poetical friends. Boileau also imitated this epigram. *Warton.*

TO MR. POPE.

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM ON HOMER.

WHEN *Phœbus*, and the nine harmonious maids,
Of old assembled in the *Thespian* shades;
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befit these harps to sound, and thee to hear?
Reply'd the God; " Your loftiest notes employ,
" To sing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*."

The wond'rous song with rapture they rehearse;
Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse?
He answer'd with a frown; " I now reveal
" A truth, that envy bids me not conceal:
" Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,
" I warbled to the Lyre that fav'rite tale,
" Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring *Greek* and blind,
" Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;
" And fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,
" From me, the God of Wit, usurp'd the bays.
" But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
" Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
" Yet when my Arts shall triumph in the West,
" And the white Isle with female pow'r is blest;
" Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
" And the Translator's Palm to me transfer.
" With less regret my claim I now decline,
" The World will think his *English Iliad* mine."

E. Fenton.

DR. THOMAS PARNELL.

The following lines were also a tribute to Pope from the Sister Kingdom. They are not equal upon the whole to what might have been expected from Parnell, on such an occasion; but the concluding verses are natural, touching, and elegant.

TO MR. POPE.

To praise, and still with just respect to praise
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The Learn'd to show, the Sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the Friend;

What life, what vigour must the lines require?
What music tune them, what affection fire?
O might thy Genius in my bosom shine;
Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine:
The brightest Ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.
Horace himself would own thou dost excel
In candid arts to play the Critic well.
Ovid himself might wish to sing the Dame
Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream;
On silver feet, with annual Osier crown'd,
She runs for ever through Poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's Hair,
Made by thy Muse the envy of the Fair?
Less shone the tresses Egypt's Princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds;
Belles war with Beaus, and Whims descend for Gods.
The new Machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrenzy of the Chemic fool.
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a Woman's heart.
The Graces stand in sight; a Satire-train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.
In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldest wits
Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits;
And sits in measures such as Virgil's Muse
To place thee near him might be fond to chuse.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;

While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wise,
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the Prize?
Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flow'rets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head:
Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees,
Thy aspins quiver in a breathing breeze!
Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal spring,
Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.
In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight.
Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like Monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
In all the Majesty of Greek retir'd;
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd;
His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy Mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
And shepherds only say, the mines were here:
Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs!
How ev'ry Music varies in thy lines!
Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:
The shades resound with song—O softly tread,
While a whole season warbles round my head.
This to my Friend—and when a friend inspires,
My silent harp its master's hand requires;
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning—very far from thee.
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes unconscious of a flood,
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Ease,
A Friend delight me, and an Author please;
Ev'n here I sing, when Pope supplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame.

T. Parnell.

WILLIAM BROOME.

Broome was the coadjutor of Pope in the translation of Homer; and has imitated his master with tolerable success in the following lines; which appear to have been written in the latter part of the Life of Pope, when he had distinguished himself by his moral poems.

TO MR. POPE.

Let vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
Or speaking marbles, to record their praise,
And picture (to the voice of fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing stone;
Mere mortals; subject to death's total sway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
A monument which Worth alone can raise:
Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust:
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die:
Then sink together in the world's last fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human transport touch the mighty dead,
Shakespear, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines;
Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvas fades,
A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While each fair image starts again to life.
How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire?
This you beheld; and taught by heav'n to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the Hero burns;
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal-shores,
Tremble the tow'rs of Heav'n, earth rocks her coasts,
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play;
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
Sink without grov'ling, without rashness rise.

Proceed, great Bard! awake th'harmonious string,
Be ours all Homer! still Ulysses sing.
How long* that Hero, by unskilful hands,
Stripp'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands?
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost:
O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;
Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head;
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a God he moves.
Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire:
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
Like theirs, our Friendship! and I boast my name
To thine united—for thy Friendship's Fame.
This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing,
While hov'ring angels listen on the wing,
To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the Skies:
Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend:
To verse like thine fierce savages attend,

* Odyssey, lib. xvi.

And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W Broome.

THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT.

The following lines confer great honour on their young and highly accomplished author. The ideas are noble and poetical, the sentiments manly and grave, and the expression such as to give full effect to the whole. Pope never received a finer compliment than in the lines commencing—"*Say, wondrous youth!*"—

Mr. Harcourt was only son to the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, and died in 1720. His Epitaph by Pope is one of the very few that have escaped with but little injury from the severity of Johnson.

TO MR. POPE,

ON THE PUBLISHING HIS WORKS.

He comes, he comes! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
The song of triumph, and attend his car.
Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads;
First gives the palm she fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and shews him how to reign:
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God.
But hark, what shouts, what gath'ring crouds rejoice!
Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice.
Such as th' ambitious vainly think their due,
When prostitutes, or needy flatt'rers sue.
And see the Chief! before him laurels born;
Trophies from undeserving temples torn;

Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,
Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blaze of majesty.
  But what are they that turn the sacred page?
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
As he that met his likeness in the stream:
The GRACES these; and see how they contend,
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.
  The Chariot now the painful steep ascends,
The pæans cease; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
Its prospect an unbounded view commands:
Say, wond'rous youth, what column wilt thou chuse,
What laurell'd arch for thy triumphant Muse?
Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
Tho' ev'ry laurel through the dome be thine,
(From the proud Epic, down to those that shade
The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid)
Go to the Good and Just, an awful train,
Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Fane:
While through the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
" Sweet to the World, and grateful to the skies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

LORD LYTTELTON.

Mr. Bowles objects to Dr. Warton's preference of Fenton's verses, and thinks "these lines of Lord Lyttelton much superior to all the other recommendatory verses, as elegant and correct in themselves, as the sentiments they convey appear sincere, and worthy an ingenuous, liberal, and cultivated mind. There is a small inaccuracy," he adds, "in one or two expressions, and perhaps it would have been better if Virgil's speech had formed the conclusion."

Of the *comparative* merits of these commendatory poems the reader must be allowed to form his own judgment; but it is somewhat extraordinary that Mr. Bowles should recommend as an amendment, that the poem should close with Virgil's speech, when this is evidently already the case.

TO MR. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

Immortal Bard! for whom each Muse has wove
The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preserv'd, our drooping Genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;
After so many stars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's last remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of ancient Wit:
For now no more these climes their influence boast,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost:
From Tyrants, and from Priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.
Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.

So in the shades, where cheer'd with summer rays
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy winter's unauspicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.
  Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of fate:
Not that Barbarian hands her fasces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her Cities desert, and her fields unsown;
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the source of Science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.
  Illustrious Names! that once in Latium shin'd,
Born to instruct, and to command Mankind;
Chiefs, by whose Virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And Poets, who those Chiefs sublimely prais'd!
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;
Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
Than all the pomp of modern Luxury.
  As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the Poet's awful form arise:

Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his Master bear:
"Great Bard! whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,
Near Me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner Satire dim the rays,
That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the nine.
Of thee more worthy were the task to raise
A lasting column to thy Country's Praise,
To sing the Land, which yet alone can boast
That Liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid;
And plants her Palm beneath the Olive's shade.
Such was the Theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the People whose exploits I sung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,
Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleas'd, a mild Augustus to obey.
If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;

Approving Time shall consecrate thy Lays,
And join the Patriot's with the Poet's Praise."

GEORGE LYTTELTON.

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT was Rector of Pimperne, near Blandford, in Dorsetshire. He early distinguished himself by an elegant version of *Vida's Art of Poetry*, and afterwards by his translation of the Æneid, which is preferred by many to that of Dryden. That Pope thought favourably of Pitt's translation appears in a letter from Mr. Spence, in which he says, "Before this, I gave you Mr. Pope's real sentiment on your first book. I dare say it was his real sentiment; because, as I told you, I took care to ask him the question before I had mentioned my being acquainted with you, and it was literally what I told you."

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

'Tis true, what fam'd Pythagoras maintain'd,
That souls departed in new bodies reign'd:
We must approve the doctrine, since we see
The soul of god-like Homer breathe in thee.
Old Ennius first, then Virgil felt her fires;
But now a British Poet she inspires.
To you, O Pope! the lineal right extends,
To you th' hereditary muse descends.
At a vast distance we of Homer heard,
Till you brought in, and nat'raliz'd the Bard;
Bade him our English rights and freedom claim,
His voice, his habit, and his air the same.
Now in the mighty Stranger we rejoice,
And Britain thanks thee, with a public voice.

See! too, the Poet, a majestic shade,
Lifts up in awful pomp his laurel'd head,
To thank his Successor, who sets him free
From the vile hands of Hobbs and Ogilby;
Who vext his venerable Ashes more,
Than his ungrateful Greece, the living Bard before.
While Homer's thoughts in thy bold lines are shown,
Tho' worlds contend, we claim him for our own;
Our blooming boys proud Ilion's fate bewail;
Our lisping babes repeat the dreadful tale,
Ev'n in their slumbers they pursue the theme,
Start, and enjoy a fight in ev'ry dream.
By turns the Chief and Bard their souls inflame,
And ev'ry little bosom beats for fame.
Thus shall they learn (as future times will see)
From Him to conquer, or to write from Thee.
In ev'ry hand we see the glorious song,
And Homer is the theme of every tongue.
Parties in State poetic schemes employ,
And Whig and Tory side with Greece and Troy;
Neglect their feuds: and seem more zealous grown
To push those countries interests, than their own.
Our busiest Politicians have forgot
How Sommers counsel'd, and how Marlbro' fought;
But o'er their settling coffee gravely tell,
What Nestor spoke, and how brave Hector fell.
Our softest Beaux and Coxcombs you inspire,
With Glaucus' courage, and Achilles' fire.
Now they resent affronts which once they bore,
And draw those swords that ne'er were drawn before;

Nay, ev'n our Belles inform'd how Homer writ,
Learn thence to criticise on modern Wit.
Let the mad Critics to their side engage
The envy, pride, and dulness of the age:
In vain they curse, in vain they pine and mourn,
Back on themselves their arrows will return:
Whoe'er would thy establish'd fame deface,
Are but immortaliz'd to their disgrace;
Live, and enjoy their spite, and share that fate,
Which would, if Homer liv'd, on Homer wait.
And lo! his second labour claims thy care,
Ulysses' toils, succeed Achilles' war.
Haste to the work; the ladies long to see
The pious frauds of chaste Penelope.
Helen they long have seen, whose guilty charms
For ten whole years engag'd the world in arms.
Then, as thy Fame shall see a length of days,
Some future Bard shall thus record thy Praise:
" In those blest times, when smiling Heav'n and Fate
Had rais'd Britannia to her happiest state,
When wide around she saw the World submit,
And own her Sons supreme in Arts and Wit;
Then Pope and Dryden brought in triumph home,
The Pride of Greece, and Ornament of Rome;
To the great task each bold Translator came,
With Virgil's Judgment, and with Homer's Flame.
Here the pleas'd Mantuan swan was taught to soar,
Where scarce the Roman eagles towr'd before:
And Greece no more was Homer's native earth,
Tho' her sev'n rival cities claim'd his birth;

On her sev'n cities he look'd down with scorn,
And own'd with pride, he was in Britain born."

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

WALTER HARTE.

WHEN the Essay on Man was first published, without the name of the author, it was attributed to different writers of the time, and among the rest to Mr. Harte; who appears from the following lines to have formed his style so closely on that of Pope, as to leave himself little claim to originality either of sentiment or expression.

TO MR. POPE.

To move the springs of nature as we please,
To think with spirit, but to write with ease:
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art,
For this the Grecian soar'd in Epic strains,
And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains:
Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton strung his heav'nly lyre.

'Tis yours, like these, with curious toil to trace
The pow'rs of language, harmony, and grace;
How Nature's self with living lustre shines;
How Judgment strengthens, and how Art refines:
How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
And force a pleasure which we dare not blame;
To charm us more thro' negligence than pains,
And give ev'n life and action to the strains:
Led by some law, whose pow'rful impulse guides
Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides:
Some fairer image of perfection, giv'n
T' inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from heav'n.

O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise;
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays!
Add that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine:
Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line;
Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse.
A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind:
Not critics, but their planets prove unjust:
And are they blam'd who sin because they must?
Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays;
I cannot rival——and yet dare to praise.
A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage,
Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigour, Virgil's studious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.
So seems some Picture, where exact design,
And curious pains, and strength and sweetness join:
Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
And each warm stroke with living colour glows:
Soft without weakness, without labour fair;
Wrought up at once with happiness and care!
How blest the man that from the world removes
To joys that Mordaunt, or his Pope approves;
Whose taste exact each author can explore,
And live the present and past ages o'er:
Who free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
Move calmly forward to the verge of life:
Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee!

Nor deem this verse, tho' humble, thy disgrace;
All are not born the glory of their race:
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame.
The Muse who now this early homage pays,
First learn'd from thee to animate her lays:
A Muse as yet unhonour'd, but unstain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd:
Unbias'd, or to censure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend;
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

WALTER HARTE.

VOLTAIRE AU ROI DE PRUSSE.

——— Horace avec Boileau:
Vous y cherchiez le vrai, vous y goutez le beau;
Quelques traits échappés d'une utile morale,
Dans leurs piquans écrits brillent par intervalle;
Mais Pope approfondit ce qu'ils ont effleuré;
D'un esprit plus hardi, d'un pas plus assuré,
Il porta le flambeau dans l'abîme de l'être,
Et l'homme avec lui seul apprit à se connoître.
L'Art quelquefois frivole, et quelquefois divin,
L'Art des vers est dans Pope utile au genre humain.

AT Stowe in Buckinghamshire, the seat of Earl Temple, is a building called the Temple of British

Worthies, designed by Kent. One of the niches has a bust of Pope, with the following inscription:

ALEXANDER POPE,

Who uniting the correctness of Judgment to the fire of Genius,
by the melody and power of his numbers,
gave sweetness to Sense, and grace to Philosophy.
He employed the pointed brilliancy of Wit to chastise the vices,
and the eloquence of Poetry to exalt the virtues of human nature;
and being without a rival in his own age,
imitated and translated, with a spirit equal to the originals,
the best Poets of Antiquity,

EARLY POEMS.

EARLY POEMS.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

THESE Stanzas on Solitude are a strong instance of that contemplative and moral turn, which was the distinguishing characteristic of our Poet's mind. An ode of Cowley, which he produced at the age of thirteen years, is of the same cast, and perhaps not in the least inferior to this of Pope. The voluminous Lopez de Vega is commonly, but perhaps incredibly, reported by the Spaniards to have composed verses when he was five years old; and Torquato Tasso, the second or third of the Italian poets, for that wonderful original Dante is the first, is said to have recited poems and orations of his own writing, when he was seven. It is however certain, which is more extraordinary, that he produced his Rinaldo in his eighteenth year; no bad precursor to the Gerusalemma Liberata, and no small effort of that genius, which was in due time to shew, how fine an epic poem the Italian language, notwithstanding the vulgar imputation of effeminacy, was capable of supporting. *Warton.*

THESE lines were written soon after Pope left school to reside with his father at Binfield, and appear to be the joint result of his classical reading, and of the tranquillity and leisure afforded him by a country life. His prototype is the "*Beatus ille*" of Horace; but his feelings soon lead him to quit his guide, and to select his images from those which he sees around him. In a letter to Mr. Cromwell, some years afterwards, he says, "Having a vacant space here, I will fill it with a short ode on Solitude, which I found yesterday by great accident, and which I find by the date was written when I was not twelve years old; that you may perceive how long I have continued in my passion for a rural life, and in the same employment of it." Dr. Johnson observes that "there is nothing more in this piece than other forward boys have attained," and Dr. Warton has enumerated instances of several persons who are said to have written at as early or an earlier age;

but it must be observed, that these lines are to be commended not only for their correct versification or poetical ornament, but also for the strain of calm thought and serious meditation which runs through the whole, and gives a favourable picture of the mind of a youthful poet, expanding itself in its native element, and delighted with the enjoyment of uninterrupted leisure and alternate study and ease.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixt; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

TO THE AUTHOR OF A POEM

INTITLED

SUCCESSIO.

THE following lines to the author of a poem intitled SUCCESSIO, are undoubtedly an early production of Pope, and were published in a volume of Lintot's Miscellanies, of which there were several editions. The author of *Successio* was Elkanah Settle, who from being at one time the rival of Dryden, wrote himself into such discredit, as deservedly to have occupied a distinguished place in the *Dunciad*. Some account of him may be found in Mr. Nicholls's *Literary Anec.*, vol. i. p. 41, and in Mr. D'Israeli's *Quarrels of Authors*, vol. i. p. 298, *&c.*

Besides the internal evidence which these lines exhibit that they were written by Pope, Mr. D'Israeli has shewn, from an old account book of Bernard Lintot's, which he had the good fortune to meet with, and which contains a list of copies of works purchased by him, that these verses, with those *to a Lady on presenting Voiture*, and *on Silence*, were sold to Lintot for *three pounds sixteen shillings*. That they were omitted by Pope in the first general collection of his poems in 1717, may perhaps be accounted for, from their political tendency, as evincing a disposition hostile to the settlement of the crown on the House of Hanover, which the poem of SUCCESSIO was intended to celebrate.

Mr. D'Israeli says, " that when Pope wrote these lines he had scarcely attained his fourteenth year;" he also justly observes that " this juvenile composition bears the marks of his future excellences; it has the tune of his verse, and the images of his wit. Thirty years afterwards, when occupied by the Dunciad, he transplanted and pruned again some of the original images."

BEGONE, ye Critics, and restrain your spite,
CODRUS writes on, and will for ever write.

The heaviest Muse the swiftest course has gone,
As clocks run fastest when most lead is on.*
What tho' no bees around your cradle flew,
Nor on your lips distill'd their golden dew;
Yet have we oft discover'd in their stead
A swarm of drones that buzz'd about your head.
When you, like Orpheus, strike the warbling lyre,
Attentive blocks stand round you and admire.
Wit pass'd thro' thee no longer is the same,
As meat digested takes a different name;
But sense must sure thy safest plunder be,
Since no reprisals can be made on thee.
Thus thou mayst rise, and in thy daring flight
(Tho' ne'er so weighty) reach a wond'rous height:
So forc'd from engines, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs move nimbly thro' the sky.†
Sure BAVIUS copied MÆVIUS to the full,
And CHÆRILUS ‡ taught CODRUS to be dull;
Therefore, dear friend, at my advice give o'er
This needless labour; and contend no more
To prove a *dull succession* to be true,
Since 'tis enough we find it so in you.

* Thus altered in the *Dunciad*, book i. v. 183.

As clocks to weights their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below.

† Thus altered in the *Dunciad*, book i. v. 181.

As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swift! thro' the sky.

‡ Perhaps by *Chærilus*, the juvenile satirist designed *Flecknoe* or *Shadwell*, who had received their immortality of Dulness from his master Catholic in poetry and opinions, DRYDEN. *D'Israeli.*

PASTORALS,

WITH

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCIV.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius! VIRGIL.

A

DISCOURSE

ON

PASTORAL POETRY.

This sensible and judicious Discourse, written at so early an age, is a more extraordinary production, than the Pastorals that follow it: in which, I hope, it will not be deemed an injurious criticism to say, there is scarcely a single rural image to be found that is new. The ideas of Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser, are indeed here exhibited in language equally mellifluous and pure; but the descriptions and sentiments are trite and common. To this assertion, formerly made, Dr. Johnson answered; "That no invention was intended:" he therefore allows the fact, and the charge. Our author has chiefly drawn his observations from Rapin, Fontenelle, and the preface to Dryden's Virgil. A translation of Rapin's Discourse had been some years before prefixed to Creech's Translation of Theocritus, and is no extraordinary piece of criticism. And though Hume highly praises the Discourse of Fontenelle, yet Dr. Hurd thinks it only rather more tolerable than his Pastorals. I much wonder our Author did not allude to the elegant lines on Pastoral Poetry at the beginning of the second canto of Boileau's Art of Poetry. The best dissertations on this subject, seem to be those in the second and fifth volumes of the Memoirs of the French Academy, that which is prefixed to Heyne's excellent edition of Virgil's Eclogues, and that which is prefixed to the Oxford edition of Theocritus, in two volumes 4to, 1776; in which the reader will find a particular account of the three distinct characters and personages introduced by Theocritus, namely, the Keepers of Oxen, the Keepers of Sheep, and of Goats; to which distinction even Virgil did not attend: and in which he also will find such reasons for preferring the pastorals of Theocritus to those of Virgil, as will serve for a complete confutation of Dr. Johnson's opinion on this subject.

A mixture of British and Grecian ideas may justly be deemed a blemish in these Pastorals: and propriety is certainly violated, when he couples Pactolus with Thames, and Windsor with Hybla. Complaints of immoderate heat, and wishes to be conveyed to cooling caverns, when uttered by the inhabitants of Greece, have a decorum and consistency, which they totally lose in the character of a British shepherd: and Theocritus, during the ardors of Sirius, must have heard the murmurings of a brook, and the whispers of a pine, with more home-felt pleasure, than Pope could possibly experience upon the same occasion. We can never completely relish, or adequately understand any author, especially any ancient, except we keep in our eye his climate, his country, and his age. Pope himself informs us, in a note, that he judiciously omitted the following verse,

And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear,

on account of the absurdity, which Spenser overlooked, of introducing wolves into England. But on this principle, which is certainly a just one, may it not be asked, why he should speak, the scene lying in Windsor Forest, of the sultry Sirius, of the grateful clusters of *grapes*, of a *pipe of reeds*, the antique fistula, of *thanking Ceres for a plentiful harvest*, of *the sacrifice of lambs*, with many other instances that might be adduced to this purpose? That Pope, however, was sensible of the importance of adapting images to the scene of action, is obvious from the following example of his judgment; for in translating

Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere Lauros,

he has dexterously dropt the *laurels* appropriated to Eurotas, as he is speaking of the river Thames, and has rendered it,

Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his *Willows* learn the moving song.

In the passages which Pope has imitated from Theocritus, and from his Latin Translator Virgil, he has merited but little applause. It may not be unentertaining to see how coldly and unpoetically Pope has copied the subsequent appeal to the Nymphs on the death of Daphnis, in comparison of Milton on Lycidas, one of his juvenile, but one of his most exquisite, pieces.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep

Where your old bards, the famous Druids lie;
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.

The mention of places remarkably romantic, the supposed habitations of Druids, Bards, and Wizards, is far more pleasing to the imagination, than the obvious introduction of Cam and Isis as seats of the Muses.

Upon the whole, the principal merit of these Pastorals consists in their musical and correct versification; musical, to a degree of which rhyme could hardly be thought capable; and in giving the truest specimen of that harmony in English verse, which is now become indispensably necessary; and which has so forcibly and universally influenced the public ear, as to have obliged every moderate rhymer to be at least melodious. *Warton.*

Although the whole of Pope's early productions are allowed the praise of elegant correctness and musical versification, they have not escaped the charge of a want of originality and poetical invention; but of all his various and very freely censured writings, there are none that appear to have met with a harsher or more fastidious reception at the hands of his commentators and critics, than his Pastorals. Without regarding them with a sufficient reference, either to the time of life of the author, or the objects he had in view in their composition, they have considered them as deficient in originality and strength of thought, because they do not more greatly abound in new and striking images. But to say nothing of the unreasonableness of requiring "new and striking images," on a subject which has been obvious from the earliest ages to all mankind, and has been the general theme of poetry in every country, period, and language; it must be observed, that it was not the intention of Pope to rely upon the strength of his own powers, or to attempt an original style of pastoral composition. On the contrary, he informs us at the close of his discourse, that if these pastorals have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors, "whose works," says he, "as I have had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate."

In conceding then to Pope, that he has exhibited "the ideas of Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser, in language equally mellifluous and pure," Dr. Warton has granted every thing which

Pope endeavoured to accomplish; and the observation of Johnson, "that no invention was intended," is, as far as the remark of Warton affects the genius and character of Pope, a decisive answer.

As regular compositions, these pastorals may be considered as the first productions which intitled their author to the name of a poet. From these it appears, that he had already very carefully studied the works of the best critics and commentators, with a view of acquiring that uncommon degree of elegance, correctness, and harmony, with which his poetry abounds. To these rules he ever afterwards conformed; and for their merits in the exemplification of them he placed none of his productions above the pastorals.

It is unjust in Dr. Warton to say that Pope "couples Pactolus with Thames," and "Windsor with Hybla." On the contrary, he places them in opposition to each other; and only declares that the Thames is superior to Pactolus and the Po, and Windsor to Cynthus and Hybla.

That complaints of immoderate heat have, when uttered by the inhabitants of Greece, "a consistency *totally lost* in the character of a British shepherd," can scarcely be allowed; as the heat of our own summers is generally sufficient to excite such a lively idea of the refreshment and pleasure to be derived from water and shade, as may fully justify the poet in introducing the effects of it in his work. Nor although the scene be laid in Windsor Forest, does there appear to be any impropriety in referring to a pipe of reeds, the clusters of grapes, the bounty of Ceres, and other objects connected with pastoral life, and for which the poet has himself assigned a sufficient reason in the following discourse. "If," he observes, "we would copy nature, it would be useful to carry this idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age; so that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been when the best of men followed the employment," to which he adds, that "an air of piety to the gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity, and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing." Disregarding, however, these remarks, the learned Critic has thought proper to observe, "that the design of pastoral poetry to represent the undisturbed felicity of the

golden age, *is an empty notion*, which, though supported by a Rapin and a Fontenelle, I think *all rational critics* have agreed to extirpate and explode." On this opinion, so directly contrary to that of Pope, it is not necessary to decide, as it cannot affect the present inquiry, which is in fact merely to determine whether Pope has accomplished the object he had in view, or whether he has failed through want of genius and invention. That the latter is the point which the Doctor wishes to establish, may be presumed from the following remark:—"It has been my fortune, from my way of life, to have seen many compositions of youths of sixteen years old, *far beyond these pastorals in point of genius and imagination*, though not perhaps of correctness;" to which he adds, with singular inconsistency, "their excellence might indeed be owing to having had such a predecessor as Pope,"—but if Pope had no invention, and had exhibited in his pastorals no new or striking images, how could his example have led the way to others, *in point of genius and imagination*, whatever it might have done in point of correctness?

Of the effect produced by the pastorals of Pope on a young and ingenuous mind, we have the following account in the introduction to the remarks upon them by the late Mr. Gilbert Wakefield.

"Of the merit of these poems I can scarce deem myself an impartial judge. The *Pastorals of Pope* were among the very first writings that engaged the notice of my infancy; and, if the reader will excuse this circumstance of egotism, I read them with facility, with perseverance, and delight, at an earlier period than any one, whom I have ever known or heard of. They have left upon my mind the fading traces of a transport inexpressible. Still disenchanted, after a lapse of so many years, I feel like Agamemnon in the poet, just waking from the dream of Jove:—

Εγειτο δ' ἰξ ὑπνω, θειηδι μιν αμφιχυτ' ομφη.

In fancy's eye still scenes of rapture shine;
Still vibrates on her ear the voice divine."

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly

so. It is therefore necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous Dissertations that Critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that Age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably *pastoral.** It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that Character.

* Fontenelle's Disc. on Pastorals. *P.*

The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both;* the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity,† brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this Idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age.‡ So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the Gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connection should be loose, the nar-

* Heinsius in Theocr. *P.*

† Rapin de Carm. Past., p. 2. *P.*

‡ Avoiding, what a sensible writer calls, les sentimens quintessencies, les douceurs metaphysiques. *Warton.*

rations and descriptions short,* and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some Knowledge in rural affairs is discovered.† This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the Idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries.‡ Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have

* Rapin, Reflex. sur l'Art. Poet. d'Arist., p. ii. Refl. xxvii. *P.*

† Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg. *P.*

‡ Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals. *P.*

its variety.* This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus† excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers‡ and fishermen as well as shepherds.§ He is apt to be too long in his

* See the forementioned Preface. *P.*

† Stesichorus, it is said, wrote pastorals also. *Warton.*

‡ ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl. x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi. *P.*

§ The 10th and 21st Idyll. here alluded to, contain some of the most exquisite strokes of nature and true poetry any where to be met with, as does the beautiful description of the carving on the cup;

descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But 'tis enough that all others learnt their excellencies from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil,* who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original; and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them,† which the Greek was a stranger to. ‡ He exceeds him in re-

cup; which, indeed, is not a cup, but a very large pastoral vessel or cauldron. Vas pastorilium amplissimum. *Warton.*

Dr. Warton might have mentioned the 7th and 22d Idyll. as most highly picturesque, romantic, and beautiful. *Bowles.*

* He refines indeed so much as to make him, on this very account, much inferior to the beautiful simplicity of his original. *Warton.*

† It is difficult to conceive where is the "wonderful variety" in Virgil's Eclogues, which the "Greek was a stranger to." Many of the more poetical parts of Virgil are copied literally from Theocritus, but are weakened by being made more *general*, and often lose much of their picturesque and poetical effect from that circumstance. Every thing in Theocritus is painted with the hand of a Poussin, a Salvator, or a Rubens. Witness the pines and broken waterfalls, the Bebrycian mountains, and the savage Amycus, near the clear fount, and the rich glowing summer scene in the 7th Idyll. It is indeed the variety, the wildness, and the nature which give such a charm to Theocritus. *Bowles.*

‡ Rapin, Refl. on Arist., part ii. refl. xxvii.—Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg. *P.*

gularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso* in his Aminta has as far excelled all the Pastoral writers, as in his Gierusalemme he has out-done the Epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of Poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opi-

* The Aminta of Tasso is here erroneously mentioned by Pope as the very first pastoral comedy that appeared in Italy: and Dr. Hurd also fell into the same mistake. But it is certain that Il Sacrificio of Agostino Beccari was the first, who boasts of it in his prologue, and who died very old in 1590; which drama was acted in the Palace of Francesco of Este. Such a mistake is very pardonable in so young an author, and very different from the gross and unscholar-like blunder of Trapp, who tells us in his fourteenth Lecture, that all the Eclogues of Calphurnius and Nemesian, who flourished under Diocletian, were entirely lost.

I will just add, that the famous Critic, Jason de Nores, who wrote so well on Horace's Art of Poetry, condemned the Pastoral Drama. And that the above-mentioned, Il Sacrificio, was acted at Ferrara 1550, and the Aminta 1573, and the Pastor Fido before Cardinal Borghese 1590. It is observable, that Pope does not mention the Comus of Milton, the most exquisite of all pastoral dramas. *Warton.*

There were several writers of Pastoral in Italy prior to those mentioned either by Pope or Warton; amongst whom may be enumerated *Bernardo Pulci, Politian,* and *Sannazaro* in his *Arcadia.*

nion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His Eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetrastic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and

simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human Life to the several Seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their Titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: that in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works

as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.*

* By this ingenuous and judicious confession he precludes the cavil of his adversaries, who would be ready to exclaim, that these *pastorals* were mere translations from *Theocritus* and *Virgil*. This is true; for the original thoughts are by no means numerous; but these imitations are transfused with such a classical spirit, and not unfrequently with such elegant improvement, as none but *Pope*, young as he was, could have compassed. The truth is, nature, in her form and operations, is the same in all ages. The first observers anticipate all their successors, in a faithful delineation of her features, and thus pre-occupy the praise of originality, by leaving but few discoveries even for unwearied and accurate inspection. And this remark, without recurring to the erroneous and injurious supposition of the superiority of ancient genius, will sufficiently apologize for modern poetry; not to mention that the habit of attending to the ancients from early initiation, not only inspires a reverence for their works, but renders it difficult for new adventurers to deviate with success from the paths already made, and which they themselves have so long trodden with rapture and animation. *Wakefield.*

SPRING:

THE FIRST PASTORAL,*

OR

DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:

NOTES.

* These Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. Walsh, Mr. Wycherley, G. Granville afterwards Lord Lansdown, Sir William Trumbal, Dr. Garth, Lord Hallifax, Lord Somers, Mr. Mainwaring, and others. All these gave our Author the greatest encouragement, and particularly

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. " Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,
Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia."
This is the general exordium and opening of the Pastorals, in imitation of the sixth of Virgil, which some have therefore not improbably thought to have been the first originally. In the beginnings of the other three Pastorals, he imitates expressly those which now stand first of the three chief Poets in this kind, Spenser, Virgil, Theocritus.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)—
Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,—
Thyrsis, the Music of that murm'ring Spring,—

are manifestly imitations of

" —A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)"
" —Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi."
" —Αἰδώ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἀ πίτυς, αἰπόλε, τηνα." P.

Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,

NOTES.

larly Mr. Walsh, whom Mr. Dryden, in his Postscript to Virgil, calls the best Critic of his age. "The Author (says he) seems to have a particular genius for this kind of Poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the Ancients. But what he has mixed of his own with theirs is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say that Virgil had written nothing so good at his Age. His Preface is very judicious and learned." Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Ap. 1705. The Lord Lansdown, about the same time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, says (in a printed Letter of the Character of Mr. Wycherley), "that if he goes on as he hath begun in the Pastoral way, as Virgil first tried his strength, we may hope to see English Poetry vie with the Roman." Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the Author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them into so much softness, was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought and smoothness of verse; whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fulness of both. In a letter of his to Mr. Walsh about this time, we find an enumeration of several niceties in Versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any English poem, except in these Pastorals. They were not printed till 1709. *P.*

Sir William Trumbal.] Our Author's friendship with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years; he was under sixteen, but Sir William above sixty, and had lately resigned his employment of Secretary of State to King William. *P.*

Ver. 7. *You, that too wise.*] This amiable old man, who had been a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and Dr. of Civil Law, was sent by Charles II. Judge Advocate to Tangier, and afterwards

And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whit'ning vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

NOTES.

afterwards in a public character to Florence, to Turin, to Paris; and by James II. Ambassador to Constantinople; to which city he went through the continent on foot. He was afterwards a Lord of the Treasury, and Secretary of State with the Duke of Shrewsbury, which office he resigned 1697, and retiring to East Hampstead, died there in December 1716, aged seventy-seven, Nothing of his writing remains but an elegant character of Archbishop Dolben. *Warton.*

Ver. 12. *in your native shades*] Sir W. Trumbal was born in Windsor-forest, to which he retreated, after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State of King William III. *P.*

Ver. 17, *&c.*] The Scene of this Pastoral a Valley, the Time the Morning. It stood originally thus,

Daphnis and Strephon to the shades retir'd,
Both warm'd by love, and by the Muse inspir'd,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,
In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
And while Aurora gilds the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

Warburton.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry blooming spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow,
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon' lamb that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

NOTES.

Ver. 32. *Here western winds, &c.*] The slow oxen, the bright crocus, and the blue violet, are images of Spring, the season of this Pastoral: the introduction of roses at the same time is not so appropriate. *Bowles.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 34. The first reading was,

And his own image from the bank surveys. *Warburton.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 28. *Purple year?*] Dryden has "purple spring."

Purple is used in the Latin sense, of the brightest, most vivid colouring in general, not of that peculiar tint so called. *Warburton.*

Gray has adopted the expression of the *purple year*, in the first stanza of his exquisite Ode on Spring. *Warton.*

Dr. Warton observes this verse is from Spenser's Muiopotmos. The words, "*lavish nature*," are, but there is nothing of "painting the purple year."

Spenser's words are,

There *lavish nature*, in her best attire,
Pours forth sweet odors, and alluring sights. *Bowles.*

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,

NOTES.

Ver. 38. *The various seasons, &c.*] The subject of these Pastorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety. *Warburton.*

My friend Mr. William Collins, author of the Persian Eclogues and Odes, assured me that Thomson informed him, that he took the first hint and idea of writing his Seasons, from the titles of Pope's four Pastorals. So that these Pastorals have not had only the merit of setting a pattern for correct and musical versification; but have given rise to some of the truest poetry in our language. *Warton.*

Ver. 41. *sing by turns,*] Amabæan verses, and the custom of vying in extempore verses, by turns, was derived from the old Sicilian

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 36. And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines. *P.*

This line was probably rejected from its resembling too nearly Dryden. The "Grapes in *clusters lurk* beneath the vines." Dryden's Translation of Virgil's Eclogues. *Bowles.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 35, 36.

"Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,
Diffusos edera vestit pallente corymbos." Virg.

The Shepherd's hesitation at the name of the Zodiac imitates that in Virgil,

"Et quis fuit alter,
Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?" *P.*

Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white Bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;

NOTES.

Sicilian shepherds, and spread over all Italy; and is, as Mr. Spence observes, exactly like the practice of the Improvisatori at present in Italy. *Warton.*

Ver. 46. *Granville.*] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, known for his Poems, most of which he composed very young, and propos'd Waller as his model. *P.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;
But if I conquer and augment my fold,
Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to gold. *Warburton.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 41. *Then sing by turns,*] Literally from Virgil,

"Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camoenae:
Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent sylvae, nunc formosissimus annus." *P.*

Ver. 47. *A milk-white Bull*] Virg.—"Pascite taurum,
Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam spargat arenam." *P.*

But feigns a laugh to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Bright Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 61. It stood thus at first,
Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast,
Blest Thames's shores, &c. *P.*

Ver. 61. Originally thus in the MS.
Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Silvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her Beauties show;
Then die; and dying teach the lovely Maid
How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,
Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song;
To Heav'n arising then her notes convey,
For Heav'n alone is worthy such a lay. *Warburton.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 58. *She runs, but hopes*] Imitation of Virgil,
" Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri." *P.*

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 69, &c. These verses were thus at first:

All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,
Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flow'rs supply;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing. *P.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 69. *All nature mourns,*]

"Aret ager, vitio moriens sitit aëris herba," &c.
"Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit." Virg. *P.*

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wondrous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears;
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields:
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well!

NOTES.

Ver. 86. *A wondrous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears;*] An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle at Worcester. *P.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 90. *The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields:*] Alludes to the device of the Scots Monarchs, the Thistle, worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the Fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. Ecl. iii.

" Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina *Regum*
Nascantur *Flores*, et Phyllida solus habeto." *P.*

Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 99. was originally,

The turf with country dainties shall be spread,
And trees with twining branches shade your head. *P.*

SUMMER:

THE SECOND PASTORAL,

OR

ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD'S Boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.

NOTES.

Ver. 3. The Scene of this Pastoral by the river side, suitable to the heat of the season; the Time, noon. *P.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, were thus printed in the first edition:
A faithful swain, whom Love had taught to sing,
Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring;
Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
Thro' verdant forests, and thro' flow'ry meads. *P.*

Ver. 3. Originally thus in the MS.
There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,
And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove. *Warburton.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar, January:
A *shepherd's boy (no better do him call,)*
When Winter's wasteful spight was almost spent,
All in a sun-shine day, as did befall,
Led *forth his flock*, that had been long ypent.
Bowles.

Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naïads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O GARTH! the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.

NOTES.

Ver. 9. Dr. Samuel Garth, Author of the Dispensary, was one of the first friends of our Poet, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death. *P.*

He was a man of the sweetest disposition, amiable manners, and universal benevolence. All parties, at a time when party violence was at a great height, joined in praising and loving him. One of the most exquisite pieces of wit ever written by Addison, is a defence of Garth against the Examiner, 1710. *Warton.*

Ver. 16. *The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.*] Is a line out of Spenser's Epithalamion. *P.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. *And Jove consented*]

" Jupiter et læto descendet plurimus imbri." Virg. *P.*

Ver. 15. *Nor to the deaf I sing,*]

" Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvæ." Virg. *P.*

The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.
Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;

NOTES.

Ver. 27. *As in the crystal spring*] This is one of those passages in which Virgil, by too closely copying Theocritus, has violated propriety; and not attended to the different characters of Cyclops and Corydon. The sea, which is a proper looking-glass for the gigantic son of Neptune, who also constantly dwelt on the shore, was certainly not equally adapted to the face of the little Land-shepherd. The same may be said of the cheese and milk, and numerous herds of Polypheme, exactly suited to his Sicilian situation, and the rude and savage state of the speaker, whose character is admirably supported through the whole eleventh Idyllium of Theocritus. *Warton.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 27. Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
And equal'd Hylas, if the glass be true;
But since those graces meet my eyes no more,
I shun, &c. *P.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 23. *Where stray ye, Muses, &c.*]
" Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ
Naïades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?
Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe."
Virg. out of Theocr. *P.*

Ver. 27. Virgil again, from the Cyclops of Theocritus,
" nuper me in littore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis staret mare; non ego Daphnim,
Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallat imago." *P.*

But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art?
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:

NOTES.

Ver. 35, 36. *Care,*] The only faulty rhymes, *care* and *sheer*, perhaps in these poems, where versification is in general so exact and correct. *Warton.*

Ver. 39. *Colin*] The name taken by Spenser in his Eclogues, where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda. *P.*

Ver. 42. *Rosalinda's*] This is the Lady with whom Spenser fell violently in love, as soon as he left Cambridge and went into the North; it is uncertain into what family, and in what capacity. Her name is an Anagram, and the letters of which it is composed will make out her true name; for Spenser (says the learned and ingenious Mr. Upton, his best Editor) is an Anagrammatist in many of his names: thus *Algrind* transposed, is Archbishop *Grindal;* and *Morel* is Bishop *Elmer.* He is supposed to hint at the cruelty and coquetry of his Rosalind in B. 6. of the Fairy Queen, in the character of Mirabella. *Warton.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 40. *Bequeath'd in death, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. ii.

" Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
Fistula, Damœtas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum." *P.*

But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains their fairest flow'rs design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.
See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd;
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely Nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 60. *Descending Gods have found Elysium here.*]
" Habitarunt Dî quoque sylvas"—Virg.
" Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis." Idem. *P.*

Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
O deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade;
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
O! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

NOTES.

Ver. 73. *Where'er you walk, &c.*] Very much like some lines in Hudibras, but certainly no resemblance was intended:

Where'er you tread, your feet shall set
The primrose and the violet;
Nature her charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you! *Bowles.*

Ver. 84. *And headlong, &c.*] Pope has carried the idea into extravagance,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 79, 80.

Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,
And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written. But the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity which Spenser himself overlooked, of introducing wolves into England. *P.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 80. *And winds shall waft, &c.*

" Partem aliquam, venti, divûm referatis ad aures?" Virg. *P.*

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends.
On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

NOTES.

extravagance, when he makes the stream not only "listening," but "hang listening in its headlong fall." Mr. Stevens in his MS. notes, quotes Lucan, in a passage where the image is precisely the same, though possibly Pope never saw it:

——"de rupe pependit
Abscissâ fixus torrens!"

But as it is here used, it is too hyperbolical, and only allowable in a very young writer. An idea of this sort will only bear *just touching*, if I may say so; the mind then does not perceive its violence: if it be brought before the eyes too minutely, it becomes almost ridiculous. This is often the fault of Cowley. Oldham has a passage of the same stamp:

"For which the list'ning streams forgot to run,
And *trees* lean'd their *attentive* branches down."

How much more judiciously and poetically has Milton given the same idea?

"Thirsis, whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd, &c." *Bowles.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay. *P.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 88. *Ye Gods, &c.*]

"Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adsit amori?" Virg. *P.*

AUTUMN:

THE THIRD PASTORAL,*

OR

HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.†

BENEATH the shade a spreading Beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the Grove.
Ye Mantuan Nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

NOTES.

* This Pastoral consists of two parts, like the viiith of Virgil: The Scene, a Hill; the Time at Sun-set. *P.*

† His intrigues with the Duchess of Cleveland, his marriage with the Countess of Drogheda, Charles the Second's displeasure on this marriage, his debts and distresses, and other particulars of his life, are well related by Dennis in a Letter to Major Pack, 1720. In Dennis's collection of Letters, published in two volumes, 1721, to which Mr. Pope subscribed, Lord Lansdown has drawn his character, as a Writer, in an elegant manner; chiefly with a view of shewing the impropriety of an epithet given to him by Lord Rochester, who called him Slow Wycherley; for that, notwithstanding his pointed wit, and forcible expression, he composed with facility and haste. *Warton.*

Thou, whom the Nine, with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!

NOTES.

Ver. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine,*] Mr. Wycherley, a famous author of Comedies; of which the most celebrated were the *Plain-Dealer* and *Country-Wife*. He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him was, that he had too much. However, he was followed in the same way by Mr. Congreve, tho' with a little more correctness. *P.*

Surely with much more correctness, taste, and judgment. *Warton.*

Ver. 8. *The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;*] This line alludes to that famous character given of Terence, by Cæsar:

> " Tu quoque, tu in summis, *ô dimidiate Menander,*
> Poneris, et merito, puri sermonis amator:
> Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret *vis Comica.*"

So that the judicious critic sees he should have said—*with Menander's fire.* For what the Poet meant, was, that his friend had joined to Terence's art, what Cæsar thought wanting in Terence, namely, the *vis comica* of Menander. Besides,—*and Menander's fire,* is making that the Characteristic of Menander which was not. He was distinguished for having art and *comic spirit* in conjunction, and Terence having only the first part, is called the *half of Menander.* *Warburton.*

Ver. 9. *Whose sense instructs us,*] He was always very careful in his encomiums not to fall into ridicule, the deserved fate of weak and prostitute flatterers, and which they rarely escape. For *sense,* he would willingly have said *moral;* propriety required it. But this dramatic Poet's moral was remarkably faulty. His plays are all shamefully profligate both in the Dialogue and Action. *Warburton.*

Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of Swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
  Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
  Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
  Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song:
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?
  Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
What have I said? where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;

NOTES.

Ver. 25.] This rich assemblage of very pleasing pastoral images, is yet excelled by Shenstone's beautiful Pastoral Ballad in four parts. *Warton.*

Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'rers faint with pain,

NOTES.

Ver. 43. *Not bubbling*] The turn of these four lines is evidently borrowed from Drummond of Hawthornden, a charming but neglected Poet. He was born 1585, and died 1649. His verses are as smooth as Waller's, whom he preceded many years, having written a poem to King James, 1617; whereas Waller's first composition was to Charles I, 1625. His Sonnets are exquisitely beautiful and correct. He was one of our first, and best imitators of the Italian Poets, and Milton had certainly read and admired him, as appears by many passages that might be quoted for that purpose. The four lines mentioned above follow:

To virgins flow'rs, to sun-burnt earth the rain,
To mariners fair winds amid the main,
Cool shades to pilgrims, whom hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return.

And afterwards again our author borrows in Abelard;

The grief was common, common were the cries.

I will just add, that Drayton's Pastorals, and his Nymphidia, do not seem to be attended to so much as they deserve. *Warton.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 37. " Aurea duræ
Mala ferant quercus; narcisso floreat alnus,
Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricæ."
Virg. Ecl. viii. *P.*

Ver. 43, &c.
" Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo." Ecl. v. *P.*

Not show'rs to larks, nor sun-shine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleasing phrenzy sooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!
Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here, where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies:
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft' we past the day:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him through Lybia's burning plains I'll go,
On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow:
Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
And dread no coldness but in Thyrsis' heart.

Warburton.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 52. " An qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?"

Id. viii. *P.*

Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.
  Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?
  Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey"—
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep.
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love!
  Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains,
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love!

NOTES.

Ver. 68. *While she with garlands hung the bending bows*:] This line forcibly recalls the beautiful description of the "Poor Ophelia."

> There with fantastic garlands did she come,
> Of crow-flow'rs, nettles, daisies, and long-purples;
> There on the pendant weeds, her coronet weeds,
> Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke. *Stevens.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 82. *Or what ill eyes*]

"Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos." *P.*

I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewel, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!
Thus sung the shepherds till th'approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

NOTES.

Ver. 97. *Thus sung.*] Among the multitude of English Poets who wrote Pastorals, Fairfax, to whom our Versification is thought to be so much indebted, ought to be mentioned. He wrote ten or twelve Eclogues after the accession of James I. They were like those of the Mantuan and Spenser, allegorical, and alluded to the manners and characters of the times, and contained many satyrical strokes against the King and his Court. They were lost in the fire that consumed the Banquetting House at Whitehall: but it is said that Mr. W. Fairfax, his son, recovered them from his father's papers; the fourth of them was published by Mrs. Cooper in the Muses Library, 1737. *Warton.*

I wonder Dr. Warton should have omitted Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, an almost forgotten work, but containing some images of rural beauty which Milton did not disdain sometimes to copy. See T. Warton's edition of Milton's smaller poems, page 53. *Bowles.*

Ver. 98. 100.] There is a little inaccuracy here; the first line makes the time after sun-set; the second, before. *Warburton.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 89. " Nunc scio quid sit Amor: duris in cotibus illum," &c. *P.*

This from Virgil is much inferior to the passage in Theocritus, from whence it is taken. *Warton.*

WINTER:

THE FOURTH PASTORAL,

OR

DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

NOTES.

Mrs. Tempest.] This Lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend Mr. Walsh, who having celebrated her in a Pastoral Elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his Letters, dated Sept. 9, 1706. "Your last Eclogue being on the same subject with mine, on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this Eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the Pastoral lies in a grove, the time at midnight. *P.*

I do not find any lines that allude to the great storm of which the Poet speaks. *Warton.*

See however lines 30 to 35, and 60 to 70, which appear to convey the allusion pointed at by the poet.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Thyrsis, the music, &c.*] Ἀδύ τι, &c. Theocr. Id. i.

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost!
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, "Ye shepherds sing around my grave!"
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring,

NOTES.

Ver. 22. *Let Nymphs and Sylvans, &c.*] This line recalls a pathetic little ballad, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Maid's Tragedy:

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew,
Maidens, willow branches bear,
Say I died true.
My love was false, but I was true,
From my hour of birth:
Upon my buried body lie
Softly, gentle earth! *Bowles.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 13. *Thames heard, &c.*]

"Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros." Virg. *P.*

Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd!
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
" Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
" Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;

NOTES.

Ver. 31. *Now hung with pearls, &c.*]
" And hung a pearl in every cowslip's ear."
Midsummer Night's Dream.—*Stevens.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 29. Originally thus in the MS.
'Tis done, and nature chang'd since you are gone;
Behold the clouds have put their Mourning on.
Warburton.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 23, 24, 25. " Inducite fontibus umbras ——
Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen." *P.*

In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
Now Daphne's dead and pleasure is no more!
No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!
No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall list'ning in mid-air suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!
Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;

NOTES.

Ver. 41. *sweet Echo*] This expression of *sweet Echo* is taken from Comus; as is another expression, *loose traces*, Third Past. v. 62. *Warton.*

The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!
But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.

NOTES.

Ver. 70. *Above the clouds,*] In Spenser's November, and in Milton's Lycidas, is the same beautiful change of circumstances: in the latter most exquisite, from line 165.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more—
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the inexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

Warton.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 69, 70. " miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis." Virg. *P.*

Ver. 81. " illius aram
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus." Virg. *P.*

While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
Arise; the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves,
Adieu ye Shepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

NOTES.

Ver. 89, *&c.*] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the several scenes of them particularized before in each. *P.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 86. " solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra,
Juniperi gravis umbra." Virg. *P.*

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE:

IN IMITATION OF

VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which foretel the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.*

* As Pope made use of the old translation of Isaiah in the passages which he subjoined, it was thought proper to use the same, and not have recourse to the more accurate and more animated version of Bishop Lowth.

THE spuriousness of those Sibylline verses which have been applied to our Saviour, has been so fully demonstrated by many able and judicious critics, that, I imagine, they will not be again adduced as proofs of the truth of the Christian Religion, by any sound and conclusive reasoner. The learned Heyne has discussed this point in his notes on the second eclogue of Virgil, p. 73. v. i.; and he adds an opinion about prophecy in general, too remarkable to be omitted, but of too delicate a nature to be quoted in any words but his own. "Scilicet inter omnes populos, magna imprimis calamitate oppressos, Vaticinia circumferri solent, quæ sive graviora minari, sive lætiora solent polliceri, eaque, necessariâ rerum vicissitudine, melioribus aliquando succedentibus temporibus, ferè semper eventum habent. Nullo tamen tempore vaticiniorum insanius fuit studium, quàm sub extrema Reipublicæ Romanæ tempora, primosque imperatores; cum bellorum civilium calamitates hominum animos terroribus omnis generis agitatos, ad varia portentorum prodigiorum, et vaticiniorum ludibria convertissent. Quascunque autem hoc in genere descriptiones, novæ felicitatis habemus, sive in Orientis sive in Græcis et Romanis poetis, omnes inter se similes sunt: bestiæ ac feræ cicures, serpentes innocui, fruges nullo cultû enatæ, mare placidum, dii presentes in terris, aliaque ejusmodi in omnibus memorantur." In contradiction to this opinion the reader is desired to turn to as remarkable a passage at the end of the twenty-first of Bishop Lowth's excellent Lectures on the Hebrew Poetry. *Warton.*

Whatever may be thought of the preceding note, the idea of uniting the sacred prophecies and grand imagery of ISAIAH, with the mysterious visions and pomp of numbers displayed in the POLLIO, thereby combining both sacred and heathen mythology in predicting the coming of the MESSIAH, is one of the happiest subjects for producing emotions of sublimity, that ever occurred to the mind of a poet; and has been executed with a splendour of language, and a harmony and flow of diction, which give to the grandeur of the subject its full effect. If any proof were wanting, this poem alone would be sufficient to demonstrate, that religious and devotional subjects are not only suitable for poetry, but are

most appropriate of all others to exemplify whatever is dignified, impressive, and sublime;—but it must not on that account be supposed that such subjects are, strictly speaking, more *poetical* than others, or that there is any peculiar merit (except in a moral view) in the selection of them; such merit, poetically considered, consisting entirely in the manner in which they are treated, or, in other words, in the *genius* of the poet; insomuch that we may safely presume, that had the same idea occurred to, and the same choice been made by any individual of all Pope's contemporaries, he would not have been able to have produced the elevated sensations and striking effect, which we experience from the perusal of this eclogue; so true is it, that *poetry* consists in the execution only; and that if the poet had not, in this instance, infused into his production a full portion of his spirit, the felicity of his choice would have been of no avail; and the *Rape of the Lock*, or *The Dunciad*, although calculated only to inspire emotions of a very inferior kind, might, in point of poetical excellence, have been intitled to a preference.

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

NOTES.

Ver. 5. Alluding to Isaiah, vi. 6, 7. "Then flew one of the Seraphim unto me, having *a live coal* in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar; and he laid it upon my mouth and said, Lo! this hath touched thy lips." *Wakefield.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. *A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

"Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna; *
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras——
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem."

"*Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free the*

* Dante says, that Statius was made a Christian by reading this passage in Virgil. See L. Gyraldus, p. 534. *Warton.*

From *Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' Ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye †heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The ‡sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning §Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.

NOTES.

Ver. 13. *Ye heavens.*] His original says, "*Drop down ye heavens from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness; let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together.*" This is a very noble description of divine grace, shed abroad in the hearts of the faithful, under the gospel dispensation; and the poet understood all its force, as appears from the two lines preceding these. *Warburton.*

Ver. 17. *ancient fraud*] *i. e.* the fraud of the serpent. *Warburton.*

IMITATIONS.

the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father." Isaiah.

Isaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14.—"*Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son.*"——Ch. ix. ver. 6, 7. "*Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end; Upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.*" *P.*

Ver. 14. *And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!*] From Dryden's Don Sebastian.

"But *shed* from nature like a *kindly show'r.*" *Stevens.*

* Isaiah, ch. xi. ver. 1. † Ch. xlv. ver. 8.
‡ Ch. xxv. ver. 4. § Ch. ix. ver. 7.

Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:

NOTES.

Ver. 23. *See Nature.*] Pope has been happy in introducing the following circumstance: the prophet says, "*The parched ground shall become a pool;*" our Author expresses this idea by saying, that the shepherd

—— shall start amid the thirsty wild to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.[1]

On the other hand, the prophet has been sometimes particular, when Pope has been only general. "*Lift up thine eyes round about, and see; all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: —— The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah: all they from Sheba shall come: they shall bring gold and incense, and they shall shew forth the praises of the Lord. All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee; the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee.*"[2] In imitating this passage, Pope has omitted the different beasts that in so picturesque a manner characterise the different countries which were to be gathered together on this important event; and says, only in undistinguishing terms,

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings;
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs.[3]

Warton.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 23. *See Nature hastes, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

"At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores."

"*For*

[1] Mess. v. 70. [2] Isaiah, ch. lx. ver. 4. 6, 7. [3] Mess. v. 94.

See lofty Lebanon * his head advance;
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the † way! a God, a God appears:

IMITATIONS.

" For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with Baccar, *and* Colocasia *with smiling* Acanthus. *Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee."*

Isai. ch. xxxv. ver. 1. *" The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.—* Ch. lx. ver. 13. *The glory of* Lebanon *shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of the sanctuary."* P.

Ver. 29. *Hark! a glad voice, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

" Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, deus ille Menalca!"

Ecl. v. ver. 62.

" Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great encrease of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, a God, a God!"

Isaiah, ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. *" The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make straight in the desert a high way for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain."* Ch. iv. ver. 23. *" Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel."* P.

* Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 2. † Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear *him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In †adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd ‡tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;

NOTES.

Ver. 46. *From ev'ry face, &c.*] This line was thus altered by Steele. *Warton.*

"The Lord God will wipe away tears from all faces."—Isai. Thence Milton in Lycidas,

"And wipe all tears for ever from his eyes." *Bowles.*

* Isaiah, ch. xliii. ver. 18. ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.

† Ch. xxv. ver. 8. ‡ Ch. xl. ver. 11.

Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd * Father of the future age.
No more shall †nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful ‡ Son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren § deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;

NOTES.

Ver. 56. *The promis'd father of the future age.*] In Isaiah ix. it is the everlasting Father; which the LXX render, *The Father of the world to come;* agreeably to the style of the New Testament, in which the kingdom of the Messiah is called the age of the world to come; Mr. Pope, therefore, has, with great judgment, adopted the sense of the LXX, which his commentator has not observed. *Warton.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 67. *The swain in barren deserts*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

" Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella."

" *The fields shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oak shall distil honey like dew.*"

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 7. " *The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty lands springs of water: In the habitation where dragons*

* Isaiah, ch. ix. ver. 6.
† Ch. ii. ver. 4.
‡ Ch. lxv. ver. 21, 22.
§ Ch. xxxv. ver. 1. 7.

And start, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy *valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The †lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;

NOTES.

Ver. 77. The words of Isaiah are, "*The wolf shall dwell with the lamb;*" but Pope, by carrying the image farther, and making the wolf *graze* with the lamb, has inadvertently given an inconsistency to the passage.—This was written before I had seen Mr. Stevens's remark, who, quoting the passage, asks, "whether wolves are graminivorous?" *Bowles.*

It might have occurred to the two critics, that it is the very object of the poem to shew (after the prophet) that the fierce and carnivorous disposition of animals shall be changed, and consequently that the lamb and the wolf may *graze together;* in like manner as we are told, that "*the lion shall eat straw like the ox.*" Had "wolves been *graminivorous,*" there would surely have been nothing extraordinary in their "*grazing* with the lamb."

IMITATIONS.

dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds and rushes."—Ch. lv. ver. 13. "*Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree.*" *P.*

Ver. 77. *The lambs with wolves, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

"Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet."—

The

*Isaiah, ch. xli. ver. 19. and ch. lv. ver. 13. †Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.

The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless * serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial † Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long ‡ race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,

NOTES.

Ver. 87. See the very animated prophecy of Joad, in the seventh scene of Racine's Athaliah, perhaps the most sublime piece of poetry in the French language, and a chief ornament of that which is one of the best of their tragedies. In speaking of these paraphrases

IMITATIONS.

"*The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.*"

Isaiah, ch. xi. ver. 16, &c. "*The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together: and a little child shall lead them.—And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.*" *P.*

Ver. 80. From the words *occidet et serpens*, it was idly concluded the old serpent, Satan, was meant. *Warton.*

Ver. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!*] The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his Pollio:

"Magnus

* Isaiah, ch. lxv. ver. 25. † Ch. lx. ver. 1.
‡ Ch. lx. ver. 4.

In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous *nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of †Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising ‡ Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The §seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;

NOTES.

phrases from the sacred scriptures, I cannot forbear mentioning Dr. Young's nervous and noble paraphrase of the book of Job, and Mr. Pitt's, of the third and twenty-fifth chapters of the same book, and also of the fifteenth chapter of Exodus. *Warton.*

IMITATIONS.

" Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo
—toto surget gens aurea mundo!
—incipient magni procedere menses!
Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo!" &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited. *P.*

* Isaiah, ch. lx. ver. 3. † Ch. lx. ver. 6.
‡ Ch. lx. ver. 19, 20. § Ch. li. ver. 6. and ch. liv. ver. 10.

But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains:
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

THIS is certainly the most animated and sublime of all our Author's compositions, and it is manifestly owing to the great original which he copied. Isaiah abounds in striking and magnificent imagery. See Mr. Mason's paraphrase of the 14th chapter of this exalted prophet. Dr. Johnson, in his youth, gave a translation of this piece, which perhaps has been praised and magnified beyond its merits. *Warton.*

Dr. Johnson's Latin translation of this Poem is certainly inaccurate, and it contains many expressions which, as Dr. Warton observes, are not *classical.* I have another Latin translation before me, with which I was favoured by Mr. Todd, printed at Naples 1760, and entitled, "Messias, Ecloga sacra Anglice, ab Alexandro Popio, Latine reddita a Gulielmo Bermingham, Presbytero."

This translation is in some parts well executed, but in general it is deficient in poetic harmony and effect, and often offends taste and propriety. *Bowles.*

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

STATIUS'S THEBAIS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR MDCCIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Translations were selected from many others done by the Author in his Youth; for the most part indeed but a sort of *Exercises*, while he was improving himself in the Languages, and carried by his early bent to *Poetry* to perform them rather in Verse than Prose. Mr. *Dryden's Fables* came out about that time, which occasioned the Translations from *Chaucer*. They were first separately printed in Miscellanies by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The *Imitations of English Authors*, which are added at the end, were done as early; some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old; but having also got into Miscellanies, we have put them here together to complete this Juvenile Volume. *Pope.*

It was in his childhood only that Pope could make choice of so injudicious a writer as Statius to translate. It were to be wished that no youth of genius were suffered ever to look into Statius, Lucan, Claudian, or Seneca the tragedian; authors who, by their forced conceits, by their violent metaphors, by their swelling epithets, by their want of a just decorum, have a strong tendency to dazzle, and to mislead inexperienced minds, and tastes unformed, from the true relish of possibility, propriety, simplicity, and nature. Statius had undoubtedly invention, ability, and spirit; but his images are gigantic and outrageous, and his sentiments tortured and hyperbolical. It can hardly, I think, be doubted, but that Juvenal intended a severe satire on him in these well-known lines, which have been commonly interpreted as a panegyric:

> "Curritur ad vocem *jucundam* et carmen amicæ
> Thebaidos, lætam fecit cum Statius *urbem,*
> *Promisitque diem;* tanta *dulcedine captos*
> Afficit ille animos, *tantaque libidine vulgi*
> Auditur: sed, cum *fregit subsellia* versu,
> Esurit."

In these verses are many expressions, here marked with Italics, which seem to hint obliquely that Statius was the favourite poet of the vulgar, who were easily captivated with a wild and inartificial tale, and with an empty magnificence of numbers; the noisy roughness of which may be particularly alluded to in the expression *fregit subsellia versu.* One cannot forbear reflecting on the short duration of a true taste in poetry among the Romans. From the time of Lucretius to that of Statius was no more than about one hundred and forty-seven years; and if I might venture to pronounce so rigorous a sentence, I would say, that the Romans can boast of but eight poets who are unexceptionably excellent; namely, Terence, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, Phædrus. These only can be called legitimate models of just thinking and writing. Succeeding authors, as it happens in all countries, resolving to be original and new, and to avoid the imputation of copying, become distorted and unnatural: by endeavouring to open an unbeaten path, they desert simplicity and

truth; weary of common and obvious beauties, they must needs hunt for remote and artificial decorations. Thus was it that the age of Demetrius Phalerëus succeeded that of Demosthenes, and the false relish of Tiberius's court the chaste one of Augustus.

Warton.

It is not perhaps to be inferred, that because Pope undertook to translate some portions of *Statius* and *Ovid*, he therefore preferred their writings to those of Virgil and Horace, and the other great poets of the Augustan age. They appear to have been selected by him with no other view than as exercises, on which he wished to try the extent of his powers, and by which he might accustom himself to greater ease and facility of expression. That this object is likely to be more effectually accomplished by translations than by original composition, is apparent from the consideration, that in the former the writer is compelled to discover a mode of expression which shall precisely convey the sentiment of the original, whilst in the latter he can modify or change the sentiment to adapt it to the mode of expression. It was probably by his Translations of the Roman Poets, that Pope so eminently qualified himself for his great task—the translation of the *Iliad*.

ARGUMENT.

Oedipus King of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned his realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the Fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus king of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect, and Mercury is sent on a message to the Shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be married to a Boar and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of these beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that God. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorœbus. He inquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality: The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Translator hopes he need not apologize for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his childhood. But finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterwards. *P.*

He was but fourteen years old. *Warton.*

P. STATII THEBAIDOS

LIBER PRIMUS.

Fraternas acies, alternaque regna profanis
Decertata odiis, sontesque evolvere Thebas,
Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis
Ire, Deæ? gentisne canam primordia diræ?
Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum
Legis Agenoreæ? scrutantemque æquora Cadmum?
Longa retro series, trepidum si Martis operti
Agricolam infandis condentem prælia sulcis
Expediam; penitusque sequar quo carmine muris
Jusserit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes:
Unde graves iræ cognata in mœnia Baccho,
Quod sævæ Junonis opus; cui sumpserit arcum
Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens
Ionium, socio casura Palæmone mater.
Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et prospera Cadmi
Præteriisse sinam: limes mihi carminis esto

THE FIRST BOOK OF

STATIUS'S THEBAIS.

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes alarms,
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our song; a sacred Fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhimes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an Iron harvest of his toil?
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?
The sire against the son his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks and plung'd into the main.
But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song

NOTES.

Ver. 19. *But wave whate'er.*] It is plain that Pope was not blind to the faults of Statius; many of which he points out with judgment

Œdipodæ confusa domus: quando Itala nondum
Signa, nec Arctoos ausim sperare triumphos,
Bisque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Istrum,
Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos:
Aut defensa prius vix pubescentibus annis
Bella Jovis. Tuque o Latiæ decus addite famæ,
Quem nova maturi subeuntem exorsa parentis
Æternum sibi Roma cupit: licet arctior omnes
Limes agat stellas, et te plaga lucida cœli

At Œdipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conqu'ring eagles sing;
How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood;
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole;
Or long before, with early valour, strove,
In youthful arms, t' assert the cause of Jove.
And thou, great Heir of all thy Father's fame,
Encrease of glory to the Latian name,
Oh! bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.
What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space,
And croud their shining ranks to yield thee place;

NOTES.

judgment and truth, in a letter to Mr. Cromwell, written 1708.

The first attempt of Mr. Gray in English verse was a translation from Statius, sent to Mr. West 1736.

Juvenal was banished for commending the Agave of Statius.

Both the exordium and the conclusion of the Thebais are too violent and pompous, particularly the latter, in which he promises himself immortality from this poem.

Statius was a favourite writer with the poets of the middle ages. His bloated magnificence of description, gigantic images, and pompous diction, suited their taste, and were somewhat of a piece with the romances they so much admired. They neglected the gentler and genuine graces of Virgil, which they could not relish. His pictures were too correctly and chastely drawn to take their fancies; and truth of design, elegance of expression, and the arts of composition, were not their object. *Warton.*

Pleïadum, Boreæque, et hiulci fulminis expers
Sollicitet; licet ignipedum frænator equorum
Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter æqua
Parte poli: maneas hominum contentus habenis,
Undarum terræque potens, et sidera dones.
Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior œstro
Facta canam: nunc tendo chelyn, satis arma referre
Aonia, et geminis sceptrum exitiale tyrannis,
Nec furiis post fata modum, flammasque rebelles
Seditione rogi, tumulisque carentia regum
Funera, et egestas alternis mortibus urbes;
Cærula cum rubuit Lernæo sanguine Dirce,
Et Thetis arentes assuetum stringere ripas,
Horruit ingenti venientem Ismenon acervo.
Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum iræ
Tydea? laurigeri subitos an vatis hiatus?
Urget ut hostilem propellens cædibus amnem
Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi
Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.

Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;
Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine;
Tho' Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne and share his heav'n with thee;
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heav'n with Roman deities.
The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame:
Mean while permit, that my preluding Muse
In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuse:
Of furious hate surviving death, she sings,
A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
And fun'ral flames that, parting wide in air,
Express the discord of the souls they bear:
Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts
Of Kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts;
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep,
In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep.
What Hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of slain on ev'ry side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how the Youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?

NOTES.

Ver. 65. *Or how the Youth*] Parthenopæus. *P.*

Impia jam merita scrutatus lumina dextra
Merserat æterna damnatum nocte pudorem
Œdipodes, longaque animam sub morte tenebat.
Illum indulgentem tenebris, imæque recessu
Sedis, inaspectos cœlo, radiisque penates
Servantem, tamen assiduis circumvolat alis
Sæva dies animi, scelerumque in pectore Diræ.
Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miserabile vitæ
Supplicium, ostentat cœlo, manibusque cruentis
Pulsat inane solum, sævaque ita voce precatur:
Dî sontes animas, angustaque Tartara pœnis
Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,
Quam video, multumque mihi consueta vocari
Annue Tisiphone, perversaque vota secunda,
Si bene quid merui, si me de matre cadentem
Fovisti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas
Firmasti; si stagna petî Cyrrhæa bicorni
Interfusa jugo, possem cum degere falso

Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Œdipus, depriv'd of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul,
The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke.
Ye Gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Through dreary coasts, which I tho' blind behold:
Tisiphone, that oft' hast heard my prayer,
Assist, if Œdipus deserve thy care!
If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come:

NOTES.

Ver. 87. *from Jocasta's womb.*] The great difference betwixt raising horror and terror is perceived and felt, from the reserved manner in which Sophocles speaks of the dreadful incest of Œdipus, and from the manner in which Statius has enlarged and dwelt upon it; in which he has been very unnaturally and injudiciously imitated by Dryden and Lee, who introduce this most unfortunate prince not only describing, but arguing on the dreadful crime he had committed. *Warton.*

Contentus Polybo, trifidæque in Phocidos arce
Longævum implicui regem, secuique trementis
Ora senis, dum quæro patrem: si Sphingos iniquæ
Callidus ambages, te præmonstrante, resolvi;
Si dulces Furias, et lamentabile matris
Connubium gavisus inî; noctemque nefandam
Sæpe tuli, natosque tibi (scis ipsa) paravi;
Mox avidus pœnæ digitis cædentibus ultro
Incubui, miseraque oculos in matre reliqui;
Exaudi, si digna precor, quæque ipse furenti
Subjiceres: orbum visu regnisque parentem
Non regere, aut dictis mœrentem flectere adorti
Quos genui, quocunque toro: quin ecce superbi
(Pro dolor) et nostro jamdudum funere reges,
Insultant tenebris, gemitusque odere paternos.
Hisne etiam funestus ego? et videt ista deorum
Ignavus genitor? tu saltem debita vindex
Huc ades, et totos in pœnam ordire nepotes.
Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
Unguibus arripui, votisque instincta paternis
I media in fratres, generis consortia ferro
Dissiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri
Quod cupiam vidisse nefas, nec tarda sequetur

If leaving Polybus, I took my way,
To Cyrrha's temple on that fatal day,
When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign:
If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,
Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight:
Oh hear! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire.
My sons their old, unhappy sire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
Whilst these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
These sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride
Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove!
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou Fury, then some lasting curse entail,
Which o'er their children's children shall prevail:
Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
Go! and a parent's heavy curses bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see
Blind as I am, some glorious villainy!

Mens juvenum; modo digna veni, mea pignora nosces.
Talia jactanti crudelis Diva severos
Advertit vultus; inamœnum forte sedebat
Cocyton juxta, resolutaque vertice crines,
Lambere sulfureas permiserat anguibus undas.
Ilicet igne Jovis, lapsisque citatior astris
Tristibus exiliit ripis, discedit inane
Vulgus et occursus dominæ pavet; illa per umbras
Et caligantes animarum examine campos,
Tænariæ limen petit irremeabile portæ.
Sensit adesse dies; piceo nox obvia nimbo
Lucentes turbavit equos; procul arduus Atlas
Horruit, et dubia cœlum cervice remisit.
Arripit extemplo Maleæ de valle resurgens
Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ullas

Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Could'st thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her snakes unty'd, sulphureous waters drink;
But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground,
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air
The gliding light'ning, or descending star.
Through crouds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night;
Swift as she pass'd the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of Tenarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
The day beheld, and sick'ning at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;

NOTES.

Ver. 132. *Swift as she pass'd*] Great is the force and the spirit of these lines down to verse 183; and indeed they are a surprising effort in a writer so young, as when he translated them. See particularly lines 150 to 160. *Warton.*

Ver. 140. *Now from beneath Malea's*] Pope's acquaintance with Latin prosody, from his confined education, was probably very small, or he would not have used Malēa, instead of Malĕa, with the line of Statius before him. *Bowles.*

Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.
Centum illi stantes umbrabant ora cerestæ,
Turba minor diri capitis: sedet intus abactis
Ferrea lux oculis; qualis per nubila Phœbes
Atracea rubet arte labor: suffusa veneno
Tenditur, ac sanie gliscit cutis: igneus atro
Ore vapor, quo longa sitis, morbique, famesque,
Et populis mors una venit. riget horrida tergo
Palla et cœrulei redeunt in pectore nodi.
Atropos hos, atque ipsa novat Proserpina cultus.
Tum geminas quatit illa manus: hæc igne rogali
Fulgurat, hæc vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.
Ut stetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cithæron
Occurrit cœlo, fera sibila crine virenti
Congeminat, signum terris, unde omnis Achæi
Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna resultant.
Audiit et medius cœli Parnassus et asper
Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Œten
In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmos.
Ipsa suum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem
Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palæmona pressit.

With eager speed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head,
In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,
When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue streaming poisons, and a length of flame,
From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand:
A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her stand on high,
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
And through th' Achaian cities send the sound.
Œte, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;
Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noise;
Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,
And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.

Atque ea Cadmeo præceps ubi limine primum
Constitit, assuetaque infecit nube penates,
Protinus attoniti fratrum sub pectore motus,
Gentilesque animos subiit furor, ægraque lætis
Invidia, atque parens odii metus: inde regendi
Sævus amor: ruptæque vices, jurisque secundi
Ambitus impatiens, et summo dulcius unum
Stare loco, sociisque comes discordia regnis.
Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
Agricola imposito sociare affectat aratro:
Illi indignantes quîs nondum vomere multo
Ardua nodosos cervix descendit in armos,
In diversa trahunt, atque æquis vincula laxant
Viribus, et vario confundunt limite sulcos:
Haud secus indomitos præceps discordia fratres
Asperat. Alterni placuit sub legibus anni
Exilio mutare ducem. Sic jure maligno
Fortunam transire jubent, ut sceptra tenentem
Fœdere præcipiti semper novus angeret hæres.
Hæc inter fratres pietas erat: hæc mora pugnæ
Sola, nec in regem perduratura secundum.

NOTES.

Ver. 173.] *Gentilisque animos subit furor*, seems a better reading than *Gentilesque*. *P.*

Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all their Furies wake within their breast.
Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears:
And sacred Thirst of sway; and all the ties
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;
And impotent Desire to reign alone.
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne;
Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,
While Discord waits upon divided pow'r.
  As stubborn steers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay:
Such was the discord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Et nondum crasso laquearia fulva metallo,
Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant
Atria, congestos satis explicitura clientes.
Non impacatis regum ad vigilantia somnis
Pila, nec alterna ferri statione gementes
Excubiæ, nec cura mero committere gemmas,
Atque aurum violare cibis, sed nuda potestas
Armavit fratres: pugna est de paupere regno.
Dumque uter angustæ squallentia jugera Dirces
Verteret, aut Tyrii solio non altus ovaret
Exulis, ambigitur; periit jus, fasque, bonumque,
Et vitæ, mortisque pudor. Quo tenditis iras,
Ah miseri? quid si peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eöo
Cardine, quem porta vergens prospectat Ibera?
Quasque procul terras obliquo sidere tangit
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti? quid si Tyriæ Phrygiæve sub unum
Convectentur opes? loca dira, arcesque nefandæ
Suffecere odio, furtisque immanibus emptum est
Œdipodæ sedisse loco. Jam sorte carebat
Dilatus Polynicis honos, quis tum tibi, sæve,
Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum solus in aula
Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores

NOTES.

Ver. 201. *Montibus*] Instead of this violent word, *Montibus*, Pope judiciously says, Columns only. *Warton.*

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mold;
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!
But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh Tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

NOTES.

Ver. 219. *proud Eteocles*] He has not borrowed so much from the Phœnissæ of Euripides as might have been hoped and expected, and which would so much have improved his poem. Racine was early struck with this story. Les Frères Ennemis was his first tragedy; and he was a reader of Euripides, being an excellent Greek scholar. *Warton.*

Et nusquam par stare caput? Jam murmura serpunt
Plebis Echioniæ, tacitumque a principe vulgus
Dissidet, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.
Atque aliquis, cui mens humili læsisse veneno
Summa, nec impositos unquam cervice volenti
Ferre duces: Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aspera rebus
Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare timendos,
Alternoque jugo dubitantia subdere colla!
Partiti versant populorum fata, manuque
Fortunam fecere levem. semperne vicissim
Exulibus servire dabor? tibi, summe Deorum,
Terrarumque sator, sociis hanc addere mentem
Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
Pondera, Carpathio jussus sale quærere Cadmus
Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros;

But the vile Vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spight
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight,)
Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauspicious reign?
Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear?
These now controul a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state:
Ev'n Fortune rules no more!—O servile land,
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
Thou sire of Gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate,
From the first birth of our unhappy state;
When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
And fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,
First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?

Fraternasque acies fœtæ telluris hiatu,
Augurium, seros dimisit adusque nepotes?
Cernis ut erectum torva sub fronte minetur
Sævior assurgens dempto consorte potestas?
Quas gerit ore minas? quanto premit omnia fastu?
Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti
Mitis, et affatu bonus et patientior æqui.
Quid mirum? non solus erat. nos vilis in omnes
Prompta manus casus domino cuicunque parati.
Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus
Vela trahunt, nutat mediæ fortuna carinæ.
Heu dubio suspensa metu, tolerandaque nullis
Aspera sors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur.
At Jovis imperiis rapidi super atria cœli
Lectus concilio divûm convenerat ordo
Interiore polo. spatiis hinc omnia juxta,
Primæque occiduæque domus, effusa sub omni
Terra atque unda die; mediis sese arduus infert

What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd?
Who more propitious to the suppliant croud?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
O wretched we, a vile, submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!
As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate,
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that prince threatens, and while this commands.
And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
Convenes a council in the blest abodes:
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,
Whence, far below, the Gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day,
And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea.
Full in the midst, and on a starry Throne,
The Majesty of heav'n superior shone;

Ipse deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
Stellantique locat solio; nec protinus ausi
Cœlicolæ, veniam donec pater ipse sedendi
Tranquilla jubet esse manu; mox turba vagorum
Semideûm, et summis cognati nubibus Amnes,
Et compressa metu servantes murmura Venti,
Aurea tecta replent; mixta convexa deorum
Majestate tremunt; radiant majore sereno
Culmina, et arcano florentes lumine postes.
Postquam jussa quies, siluitque exterritus orbis,
Incipit ex alto: (grave et immutabile sanctis
Pondus adest verbis, et vocem fata sequuntur)
Terrarum delicta, nec exuperabile diris
Ingenium mortale queror. Quonam usque nocentum
Exigar in pœnas? Tædet sævire corusco

NOTES.

Ver. 281.] *placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,* is the common reading; I believe it should be *nutu,* with reference to the word *quatiens.* *P.*

Serene he look'd, and gave an aweful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd the God.
At Jove's assent the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs;
Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow;
And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow:
Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease,
And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
A shining synod of majestic Gods
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;
Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listen'd while he spoke,
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is Fate.
How long shall man the wrath of heav'n defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!
Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:

NOTES.

Ver. 303. *eluded rage of Jove!*] Ου τραγικα εστι ταυτα, αλλα παραληραγωδα.—Our author is perpetually grasping at the wonderful and the vast, but most frequently, εκ του φοβερου και' ολιγον υποπιπτει προς το ευκαταφρονητον (Longinus, sect. iii. p. 14), falls gradually from the terrible to the contemptible. They who aim at this false sublime, should read the sensible discourse of S. Wedrensels of Basle, De Meteoris Orationis. *Warton.*

Fulmine. Jampridem Cyclopum operosa fatiscunt
Brachia, et Æoliis desunt incudibus ignes.
Atque ideo tuleram falso rectore solutos
Solis equos, cœlumque rotis errantibus uri,
Et Phaëtontæa mundum squallere favilla.
Nil actum est; neque tu valida quod cuspide late
Ire per illicitum pelago, Germane, dedisti.
Nunc geminas punire domos, quîs sanguinis autor
Ipse ego, descendo. Perseos alter in Argos
Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
Mens cunctis impôsta manet. Quis funera Cadmi
Nesciat? et toties excitam a sedibus imis
Eumenidum bellâsse aciem? Mala gaudia matrum,
Erroresque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum
Crimina? vix lucis spatio, vix noctis abactæ
Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.
Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius hæres
Patris, et immeritæ gremium incestare parentis
Appetiit, proprios monstro revolutus in ortus.
Ille tamen Superis æterna piacula solvit,
Projecitque diem: nec jam amplius æthere nostro

Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his task retires;
Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
For this, I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad ruler to misguide the day;
When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,
And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign
Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main:
But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend;
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long series of succeeding woe?
How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;
The savage hunter and the haunted wood?
The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?
Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
The sun would sink into the western main,
And rising, gild the radiant east again.
Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)
The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,
Through violated nature force his way,
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;

Vescitur : at nati (facinus sine more !) cadentes
Calcavere oculos. Jam jam rata vota tulisti
Dire senex ; meruere tuæ, meruere tenebræ
Ultorem sperare Jovem. Nova sontibus arma
Injiciam regnis, totumque a stirpe revellam
Exitiale genus. Belli mihi semina sunto
Adrastus socer, et superis adjuncta sinistris
Connubia. Hanc etiam pœnis incessere gentem
Decretum : neque enim arcano de pectore fallax
Tantalus, et sævæ periit injuria mensæ.
  Sic pater omnipotens. Ast illi saucia dictis,
Flammato versans inopinum corde dolorem,
Talia Juno refert. Mene, o Justissime divûm,
Me bello certare jubes ? scis semper ut arces
Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama
Sceptra viris, opibusque juvem ; licet improbus illic
Custodem Phariæ, somno letoque juvencæ
Extinguas, septis et turribus aureus intres.
Mentitis ignosco toris : illam odimus urbem,
Quam vultu confessus adis : ubi conscia magni
Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.
Facta luant Thebæ : cur hostes eligis Argos ?

His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curse, oh Œdipus, just heav'n alarms,
And sets th' avenging thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waste of war.
Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line;
Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed;
Fix'd is their doom; this all-rememb'ring breast
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.
He said; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;
(With sudden Grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd)
Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend,
Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Tho' there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus slept, and bled;
Tho' there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,
When Jove descended in almighty gold:
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
But Thebes, where shining in celestial charms
Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
And blazing light'nings danc'd around her bed;
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove:
Ah why should Argos feel the rage of Jove?

Quin age, si tanta est thalami discordia sancti,
Et Samon, et veteres armis exscinde Mycenas.
Verte solo Sparten. Cur usquam sanguine festo
Conjugis ara tuæ, cumulo cur thuris Eoi
Læta calet? Melius votis Mareotica sumat
Coptos, et ærisoni lugentia flumina Nili.
Quod si prisca luunt autorum crimina gentes,
Subvenitque tuis sera hæc sententia curis;
Percensere ævi senium, quo tempore tandem
Terrarum furias abolere, et secula retro
Emendare sat est? Jamdudum ab sedibus illis
Incipe, fluctivaga qua præterlabitur unda
Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores.
Arcades hic tua (nec pudor est) delubra nefastis
Imposuere locis: illic Mavortius axis
Œnomai, Geticoque pecus stabulare sub Æmo
Dignius: abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum
Relliquiis trunca ora rigent. Tamen hic tibi templi
Gratus honos; placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes
Creta tuos. Me Tantaleis consistere tectis,
Quæ tandem invidia est? belli deflecte tumultus,

Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen controul,
Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
Go, rase my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the dust the Spartan wall;
No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke,
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
But to your Isis all my rites transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
And from the long records of distant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
His wand'ring stream, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce Œnomäus, defil'd with blood:
Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honours please; and can'st thou love
Presumptuous Crete that boasts the tomb of Jove?
And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?

Et generis miseresce tui. Sunt impia late
Regna tibi, melius generos passura nocentes.
Finierat miscens precibus convicia Juno,
At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aspera, motus
Reddidit hæc : Equidem haud rebar te mente secunda
Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet æquus) in Argos
Consulerem, neque me (detur si copia) fallit
Multa super Thebis Bacchum, ausuramque Dionem
Dicere, sed nostri reverentia ponderis obstat.
Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia æquora fratris
Obtestor, mansurum et non revocabile verum,
Nil fore quo dictis flectar. Quare impiger ales
Portantes præcede Notos Cyllenia proles :
Aëra per liquidum, regnisque illapsus opacis
Dic patruo, Superas senior se tollat ad auras
Laïus, extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum

Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms and barb'rous Kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those.
Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen express'd
The rage and grief contending in her breast;
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, tho' just, revenge which I prepare
Against a nation thy peculiar care:
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend,
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
Their work, and reverence our Superior will.
For by the black infernal Styx I swear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air;
Go, mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,

NOTES.

Ver. 399. *with such sons as those*] Eteocles and Polynices. *P.*

Ver. 418. *give up*] Sophocles never thought of bringing the ghost of Laius on the stage, as Seneca, who so often oversteps the bounds of nature, has done in a passage of bombast imagery and sentiment, and in which he has been followed by Dryden and Lee. The lines of incantation in the third act, which were written by Dryden, are exquisitely solemn and harmonious:

" Chuse the darkest part o' th' grove,
Such as ghosts at noon-day love;

Dig

Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi
Lege Erebi : ferat hæc diro mea jussa nepoti :
Germanum exilio fretum, Argolicisque tumentem
Hospitiis, quod sponte cupit, procul impius aula
Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem :
Hinc causæ irarum : certo reliqua ordine ducam.
  Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde
Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis,
Obnubitque comas, et temperat astra galero.
Tum dextræ virgam inseruit, qua pellere dulces
Aut suadere iterum somnos, qua nigra subire
Tartara, et exangues animare assueverat umbras.
Desiluit ; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.
Nec mora, sublimes raptim per inane volatus
Carpit, et ingenti designat nubila gyro.
  Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris
Œdipodionides furto deserta pererrat
Aoniæ. Jam jamque animis male debita regna
Concipit, et longum signis cunctantibus annum
Stare gemit. Tenet una dies noctesque recursans

Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,
Expects its passage to the further strand:
Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.
  The God obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies.
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or, in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.
Thus, through the parting clouds, the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;
Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.
  Mean time the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through th' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily vision and his dream by night;

NOTES.

Dig a trench and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie;"

and the next thirty lines. *Warton.*

Cura virum, si quando humilem decedere regno
Germanum, et semet Thebis, opibusque potitum,
Cerneret, hac ævum cupiat pro luce pacisci.
Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugæ dispendia: sed mox
Attollit flatus ducis, et sedisse superbum
Dejecto se fratre putat. Spes anxia mentem
Extrahit, et longo consumit gaudia voto.
Tunc sedet Inachias urbes, Danaëiaque arva,
Et caligantes abrupto sole Mycenas,
Ferre iter impavidum; seu prævia ducit Erynnis,
Seu fors illa viæ, sive hac immota vocabat
Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra
Deserit, et pingues Bacchæo sanguine colles;
Inde plagam, qua molle sedens in plana Cithæron
Porrigitur, lassumque inclinat ad æquora montem,
Præterit. Hinc arcte scopuloso in limite pendens,
Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllæque rura
Purpureo regnata seni, mitemque Corinthon
Linquit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.

Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.
The Hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs ascend,
(Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
And disappear'd in horror of the feast,)
And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground.
Then sees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores:
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

NOTES.

Ver. 465. *Pentheus'*] There is much poetical enthusiasm in Theocritus's description of the death of Pentheus. Idyllium 26. *Warton.*

Jamque per emeriti surgens confinia Phœbi
Titanis, late mundo subvecta silenti
Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.
Jam pecudes volucresque tacent; jam somnus avaris
Inserpit curis, pronusque per aëra nutat,
Grata laboratæ referens oblivia vitæ.
Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila cœlo
Promisere jubar, nec rarescentibus umbris
Longa repercusso nituere crepuscula Phœbo.
Densior a terris, et nulli pervia flammæ
Subtexit nox atra polos. Jam claustra rigentis
Æoliæ percussa sonant, venturaque rauco
Ore minatur hiems, venti transversa frementes
Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt,
Dum cœlum sibi quisque rapit. Sed plurimus Auster
Inglomerat noctem, et tenebrosa volumina torquet,
Defunditque imbres, sicco quos asper hiatu
Persolidat Boreas; nec non abrupta tremiscunt
Fulgura, et attritus subita face rumpitur æther.

'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light,
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew,
Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew;
All birds and beasts lie hush'd; sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night:
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Encrease the darkness, and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold north congeals to haily show'rs.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken light'nings flash from ev'ry cloud.

NOTES.

Ver. 474. *'Twas now*] We have scarcely in our language eight more beautiful lines than these, down to "human care," ver. 481. *Warton.*

Ver. 490. *airy quarrel*] A very faulty expression; as also below, verse 501.—"rolls a deluge on." *Warton.*

Jam Nemea, jam Tænareis contermina lucis
Arcadiæ capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto
Inachus, et gelidas surgens Erasinus ad Arctos.
Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullæ
Aggeribus tenuere moræ, stagnoque refusa est
Funditus, et veteri spumavit Lerna veneno.
Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellæ
Brachia sylvarum, nullisque aspecta per ævum
Solibus umbrosi patuere æstiva Lycæi.
Ille tamen modo saxa jugis fugientia ruptis
Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes
Aure pavens, passimque insano turbine raptas
Pastorum pecorumque domos; non segnius amens,
Incertusque viæ, per nigra silentia, vastum
Haurit iter; pulsat metus undique, et undique frater.
Ac velut hiberno deprensus navita ponto,
Cui neque temo piger, neque amico sidere monstrat
Luna vias, medio cœli pelagique tumultu
Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut saxa malignis
Expectat submersa vadis, aut vertice acuto
Spumantes scopulos erectæ incurrere proræ:

Now smoaks with show'rs the misty mountain-
ground,
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.
Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush through the mounds, and bear the damms
away:
Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born:
The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the wat'ry war,
That, driv'n by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet
with fears.
So fares a sailor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and light'ning round him flies.

Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeïus heros
Accelerat, vasto metuenda umbone ferarum
Excutiens stabula, et prono virgulta refringit
Pectore: dat stimulos animo vis mœsta timoris.
Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis
Emicuit lucem devexa in mœnia fundens
Larissæus apex. Illò spe concitus omni
Evolat; hinc celsæ Junonia templa Prosymnæ
Lævus habet, hinc Herculeo signata vapore
Lernæi stagna atra vadi. Tandemque reclusis
Infertur portis; actutum regia cernit
Vestibula; hic artus imbri, ventoque rigentes
Projicit, ignotæque acclinis postibus aulæ
Invitat tenues ad dura cubilia somnos.
  Rex ibi tranquillæ medio de limite vitæ
In senium vergens populos Adrastus habebat,
Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de sanguine ducens.
Hic sexûs melioris inops, sed prole virebat
Fœminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.
Cui Phœbus generos (monstrum exitiabile dictu!
Mox adaperta fides) ævo ducente canebat
Setigerumque suem, et fulvum adventare leonem.
Hæc volvens, non, ipse pater, non docte futuri
Amphiaraë, vides; etenim vetat autor Apollo.
Tantum in corde sedens ægrescit cura parentis.

Thus strove the chief, on every side distress'd,
Thus still his courage, with his toils encreas'd;
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Through thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey.
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise:
He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.
Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Blest with calm peace in his declining days,
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
To him Apollo (wond'rous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had sung—" Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
" A yellow lion and a bristly boar."
This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest;
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Tho' skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.

Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydona relinquens
Olenius Tydeus (fraterni sanguinis illum
Conscius horror agit) eadem sub nocte sopora
Lustra terit, similesque Notos dequestus et imbres,
Infusam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis
Ora, comasque gerens, subit uno tegmine, cujus
Fusus humo gelida, partem prior hospes habebat.—
Hic primum lustrare oculis, cultusque virorum
Telaque magna vacat, tergo videt hujus inanem
Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,
Illius in speciem, quem per Theumesia Tempe
Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis
Ante Cleonæi vestitur prælia monstri.
Terribiles contra setis, ac dente recurvo
Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
Exuviæ, Calydonis honos. Stupet omine tanto
Defixus senior, divina oracula Phœbi
Agnoscens, monitusque datos vocalibus antris.
Obtutu gelida ora premit, lætusque per artus
Horror iit. Sensit manifesto numine ductos
Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo
Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,
Ediderat. Tunc sic tendens ad sidera palmas:
Nox, quæ terrarum cœlique amplexa labores

Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,
Through the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:
Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n,
Till, led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.
When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort
T' Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court;
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with surprize.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Œnides' manly shoulders overspread.
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.
Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The King th' accomplish'd oracle surveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The gniding Godhead, and his future sons.
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots through ev'ry vein.
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent Queen of night.
Goddess of shades, beneath whose gloomy reign
Yon' spangled arch glows with the starry train:

Ignea multivago transmittis sidera lapsu,
Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus ægris
Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,
Tu mihi perplexis quæsitam erroribus ultro
Advehis alma fidem, veterisque exordia fati
Detegis; assistas operi, tuaque omina firmes!
Semper honoratam dimensis orbibus anni
Te domus ista colet: nigri tibi, diva, litabunt
Electa cervice greges, lustraliaque exta
Lacte novo perfusus edet Vulcanius ignis.
Salve, prisca fides tripodum, obscurique recessus;
Deprendi, Fortuna, deos. Sic fatus; et ambos
Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulæ
Progreditur. Canis etiamnum altaribus ignes,
Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina sacri
Servabant; adolere focos, epulasque recentes
Instaurare jubet. Dictis parere ministri
Certatim accelerant; vario strepit icta tumultu
Regia; pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes
Emunire toros, altosque inferre tapetas;
Pars teretes levare manu, ac disponere mensas:
Ast alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem
Aggressi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.
His labor inserto torrere exanguia ferro
Viscera cæsarum pecudum: his, cumulare canistris
Perdomitam saxo Cererem. Lætatur Adrastus
Obsequio fervere domum; jamque ipse superbis

You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,
Till nature quicken'd by th' inspiring ray
Wakes to new vigour with the rising day.
Oh thou who freest me from my doubtful state,
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!
Be present still, oh Goddess! in our aid;
Proceed, and firm those omens thou hast made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke.
Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus: I confess the Gods!
Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the guests convey'd;
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,
And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former sacrifice.
The King once more the solemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noisy care and various tumult sound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;
A third dispels the darkness of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light.
Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;

Fulgebat stratis, solioque effultus eburno.
Parte alia juvenes siccati vulnera lymphis
Discumbunt: simul ora notis fœdata tuentur,
Inque vicem ignoscunt. Tunc rex longævus Acesten
(Natarum hæc altrix, eadem et fidissima custos
Lecta sacrum justæ Veneri occultare pudorem)
Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.
Nec mora præceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo
Arcano egressæ thalamo (mirabile visu)
Pallados armisonæ, pharetratæque ora Dianæ
Æqua ferunt, terrore minus. Nova deinde pudori
Visa virûm facies; pariter, pallorque, ruborque
Purpureas hausere genas; oculique verentes
Ad sanctum rediere patrem. Postquam ordine mensæ
Victa fames, signis perfectam auroque nitentem
Iäsides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,
Qua Danaus libare deis seniorque Phoroneus
Assueti. tenet hæc operum cælata figuras:
Aureus anguicomam præsecto Gorgona collo
Ales habet. jam jamque vagas (ita visus) in auras
Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora
Pene movet, vivoque etiam pallescit in auro.
Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis:
Gargara desidunt surgenti, et Troja recedit.
Stant mœsti comites, frustraque sonantia laxant

A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.
And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd.
Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the close apartments of the night,
The royal Nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face;
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears,
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise,
Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold,
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies.
There from the chace Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars:
Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight;
While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze;

Ora canes umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant.
Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos
Cœlicolas: Phœbum ante alios, Phœbum omnis ad aras
Laude ciet comitum, famulûmque, evincta pudica
Fronde, manus: cui festa dies, largoque refecti
Thure, vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes.
Forsitan, o juvenes, quæ sint ea sacra, quibusque
Præcipuum causis Phœbi obtestemur honorem,
Rex ait, exquirunt animi. non inscia suasit
Relligio: magnis exercita cladibus olim
Plebs Argiva litant; animos advertite, pandam:
Postquam cœrulei sinuosa volumina monstri,
Terrigenam Pythona, deus septem orbibus atris
Amplexum Delphos, squamisque annosa terentem
Robora: Castaliis dum fontibus ore trisulco
Fusus hiat, nigro sitiens alimenta veneno,
Perculit, absumptis numerosa in vulnera telis,
Cyrrhæique dedit centum per jugera campi
Vix tandem explicitum, nova deinde piacula cædi
Perquirens, nostri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi
Attigit. Huic primis, et pubem ineuntibus annis,

And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.
This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
The first libations sprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celestial pow'r they call;
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the God in num'rous hymns of praise.
Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble guests,
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cause; our old solemnities
From no blind zeal, or fond tradition rise;
But sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the God of Day.
When by a thousand darts the Python slain
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter blest,
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;

NOTES.

Ver. 664. *Python slain*] He has omitted some forcible expressions of the original: Septem—atris—terentem—nigro—centum per jugera. All of them picturesque epithets. *Warton.*

Mira decore pio, servabat nata penates
Intemerata toris. felix, si Delia nunquam
Furta, nec occultum Phœbo sociasset amorem.
Namque ut passa deum Nemeæi ad fluminis undam,
Bis quinos plena cum fronte resumeret orbes
Cynthia, sidereum Latonæ fœta nepotem
Edidit: ac pœnæ metuens (neque enim ille coactis
Donasset thalamis veniam pater) avia rura
Eligit: ac natum septa inter ovilia furtim
Montivago pecoris custodi mandat alendum.
Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti
Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno
Texta domus: clausa arbutei sub cortice libri
Membra tepent, suadetque leves cava fistula somnos,
Et pecori commune solum; sed fata nec illum
Concessere larem; viridi nam cespite terræ
Projectum temere, et patulo cœlum ore trahentem
Dira canum rabies morsu depasta cruento
Disjicit. Hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures
Matris adit, pulsi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,
Et metus; ipsa ultro sævis plangoribus amens
Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus
Occurrit confessa patri; nec motus, at atro
Imperat, infandum! cupientem occumbere leto.

Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd!
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flow'ry side
Of Nemea's stream, the yielding fair enjoy'd:
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illustrious offspring of the God was born;
The Nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.
How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
Ah how unworthy those of race divine?
On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give,
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies:
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

Sero memor thalami, mœstæ solatia morti,
Phœbe, paras. Monstrum infandis Acheronte sub imo
Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis; cui virginis ora,
Pectoraque, æternum stridens a vertice surgit
Et ferrugineam frontem discriminat anguis.
Hæc tam dira lues nocturno squallida passu
Illabi thalamis, animasque a stirpe recentes
Abripere altricum gremiis, morsuque cruento
Devesci et multum patrio pinguescere luctu.
Haud tulit armorum præstans animique Chorœbus;
Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi
Famam posthabita faciles extendere vita,
Obtulit. Illa novas ibat populata penates
Portarum in bivio; lateri duo corpora parvûm
Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus hæret,
Ferratique ungues tenero sub corde tepescunt.

But touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on a crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.
But gen'rous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;
Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descry'd;
Two bleeding babes depending at her side;
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.

NOTES.

Ver. 705. *He sends*] Much superior to the original. I desire to add in this place, that there are many excellent remarks on Statius in the two volumes, intitled Observations on Ancient and Modern Authors, published by Dr. Jortin. *Warton.*

Ver. 720. *Two bleeding babes*] This image has a near resemblance to a very tremendous one in Gray's eighth Ode, The Fatal Sisters:

" See the grisly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head!" *Warton.*

Obvius huic latus omne virûm stipante corona,
It juvenis, ferrumque ingens sub pectore diro
Condidit; atque imas animæ mucrone corusco
Scrutatus latebras, tandem sua monstra profundo
Reddit habere Jovi. Juvat ire, et visere juxta
Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
Proluviem, et crasso squallentia pectora tabo,
Qua nostræ cecidere animæ. stupet Inacha pubes,
Magnaque post lachrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent;
Hi trabibus duris, solatia vana dolori,
Proterere exanimes artus, asprosque molares
Deculcare genis; nequit iram explere potestas.
Illam et nocturno circum stridore volantes
Impastæ fugistis aves, rabidamque canum vim,
Oraque sicca ferunt trepidorum inhiâsse luporum.
  Sævior in miseros fatis ultricis ademptæ
Delius insurgit, summaque biverticis umbra
Parnassi residens, arcu crudelis iniquo
Pestifera arma jacit, camposque, et celsa Cyclopum
Tecta, superjecto nebularum incendit amictu.

The youths surround her with extended spears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears,
Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword,
And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprize,
Her twisting volumes and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd
With livid poison, and our children's blood.
The croud, in stupid wonder fix'd, appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
And starving wolves ran howling to the wood.
But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:

NOTES.

Ver. 743.] Vida thus justly characterizes Ovid and Statius, which might have deterred our young author from imitating two writers of so bad a taste:

"Hic namque ingenio confisus, posthabet artem:
Ille furit strepitû, tenditque æquare tubarum
Voce sonos, versusque tonat sine more per omnes."
Vidæ Poetic. l. 1. v. 180.
Warton.

Labuntur dulces animæ; Mors fila sororum
Ense metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.
Quærenti quæ causa duci, quis ab æthere lævus
Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum,
Idem autor Pæan rursus jubet ire cruento
Inferias monstro juvenes, qui cæde potiti.
Fortunate animi, longumque in sæcula digne
Promeriture diem! non tu pia degener arma
Occulis, aut certæ trepidas occurrere morti.
Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhæi in limine templi
Constitit, et sacras ita vocibus asperat iras:
Non missus, Thymbræe, tuos supplexve penates
Advenio: mea me pietas, et conscia virtus
Has egere vias. Ego sum qui cæde subegi,
Phœbe, tuum mortale nefas; quem nubibus atris,
Et squallente die, nigra quem tabe sinistri
Quæris, inique, poli. Quod si monstra effera magnis
Cara adeo Superis, jacturaque vilior orbis,
Mors hominum, et sævo tanta inclementia cœlo est;

And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year,
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.
Blest be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy Manes, and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke:
With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here.
Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;
For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From Gods above no more compassion find;

NOTES.

Ver. 745. *Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,*] Death cutting off the fatal thread with a scythe, is not a very sublime or congruous image. Pope has blended modern ideas with classical: in the original it is "ense metit;"—"*mows* with his *sword*." Pope has introduced a "*scythe*," to preserve more accurately the metaphor, but it has a bad effect. *Bowles.*

Quid meruere Argi? me, me, Divûm optime, solum
Objecisse caput fatis præstabit, an illud
Lene magis cordi, quod desolata domorum
Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis
Lucet ager? sed quid fando tua tela manusque
Demoror? expectant matres, supremaque fundunt
Vota mihi. Satis est; merui ne parcere velles.
Proinde move pharetras, arcusque intende sonoros,
Insignemque animam leto demitte; sed illum
Pallidus Inachiis qui desuper imminet Argis,
Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors æqua merentes
Respicit; ardentem tenuit reverentia cædis
Latoïden, tristemque viro summissus honorem
Largitur vitæ. Nostro mala nubila cœlo
Diffugiunt. at tu stupefacti a limine Phœbi
Exoratus abis. Inde hæc stata sacra quotannis
Solemnes recolunt epulæ, Phœbeiaque placat
Templa novatus honos: has forte invisitis aras.
Vos quæ progenies? quanquam Calydonius Œneus
Et Parthaoniæ (dudum si certus ad aures
Clamor iit) tibi jura domûs; tu pande quis Argos
Advenias? quando hæc variis sermonibus hora est.

If such inclemency in heav'n can dwell,
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light.
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
But for my Country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.
Merit distress'd, impartial heav'n relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wond'ring God th' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please;
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.
But say, illustrious guest, (adjoin'd the King)
What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite.

Dejecit mœstos extemplo Ismenius heros
In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea læsum
Obliquare oculos, tum longa silentia movit:
Non super hos divûm tibi sum quærendus honores
Unde genus, quæ terra mihi: quis defluat ordo
Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter sacra fateri.
Sed si præcipitant miserum cognoscere curæ,
Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebæ,
Et genitrix Jocasta mihi. Tum motus Adrastus
Hospitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?
Scimus, ait; nec sic aversum fama Mycenis
Volvit iter. regnum, et furias, oculosque pudentes
Novit, et Arctoïs si quis de solibus horret,
Quique bibit Gangen, aut nigrum occasibus intrat
Oceanum, et si quos incerto littore Syrtes
Destituunt, ne perge queri, casusque priorum
Annumerare tibi. nostro quoque sanguine multum
Erravit pietas. nec culpa nepotibus obstat.
Tu modo dissimilis rebus mereare secundis
Excusare tuos. sed jam temone supino
Languet Hyperboreæ glacialis portitor ursæ.

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:
Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(O gen'rous prince) my nation, or my name,
Or through what ancient veins our blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
Know, then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place.
To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breast
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies:—Ah! why forbears the son to name
His wretched father, known too well by fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to stray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way;
Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And those who tread the burning Lybian lands,
The faithless Syrtes and the moving sands;
Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
All these the woes of Œdipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,
What Prince from those his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface,
With virtuous acts, thy ancestor's disgrace,
And be thyself the honour of thy race.
But see! the stars begin to steal away,
And shine more faintly at approaching day;

Fundite vina focis, servatoremque parentum
Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.
Phœbe parens, seu te Lyciæ Pataræa nivosis
Exercent dumeta jugis, seu rore pudico
Castaliæ flavos amor est tibi mergere crines;
Seu Trojam Thymbræus habes, ubi fama volentem
Ingratis Phrygios humeris subiisse molares:
Seu juvat Ægæum feriens Latonius umbra
Cynthus, et assiduam pelago non quærere Delon:
Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hostes
Arcus, et ætherii dono cessere parentes
Æternum florere genas, tu doctus iniquas
Parcarum prænôsse minas, fatumque quod ultra est,
Et summo placitura Jovi. quis letifer annus,
Bella quibus populis, mutent quæ sceptra cometæ.
Tu Phryga submittis citharæ. tu matris honori
Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.
Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem,
Horruit in pharetris. ultrix tibi torva Megæra
Jejunum Phlegyam, subter cava saxa jacentem,

NOTES.

Ver. 850. *torva Megæra*] This expression, and *premit* and *instimulat*, are weakened in the translation; but *mista fastidia* is a harsh expression; as also is a line above, 842, *Tu Phryga submittis citharæ.* *Warton.*

Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.
O father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountain, thy bright presence boast;
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
Or chuse thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods;
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are born;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of Sceptres, and impending woe,
When direful meteors spread, through glowing air,
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
T' excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre;
Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boast.
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to Furies and eternal fears;

NOTES.

Ver. 829.] Some of the most finished lines he has ever written, down to verse 854. *Warton.*

Ver. 841. *'Tis thine*] Far superior to the original are these four lines; and how mean is the Tityus of Statius, compared with the tremendous picture in Virgil! *Warton.*

Æterno premit accubitu, dapibusque profanis
Instimulat: sed mista famem fastidia vincunt.
Adsis o, memor hospitii, Junoniaque arva
Dexter ames; seu te roseum Titana vocari
Gentis Achæmeniæ ritu, seu præstat Osirin
Frugiferum, seu Persei sub rupibus antri
Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldring rock that trembles from on high.
Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine!
And on thy hospitable Argos shine;
Whether the stile of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;
Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

In order to give young readers a just notion of chasteness and simplicity of style, I have seen it of use to let them compare the mild majesty of Virgil and the violent exuberance of Statius, by reading ten lines of each immediately after one another. The motto for the style of the age of Augustus may be the "Simplex munditiis," of Horace; for the age of Domitian and the succeeding ages, the "Cultûque laborat multiplici," of Lucan. After this censure of Statius's manner, it is but justice to add, that in The Thebais there are many strokes of a strong imagination; and indeed the picture of Amphiaraus, swallowed up suddenly by a chasm that opened in the ground, is truly sublime:

"Illum ingens haurit specus, et transire parantes
Mergit equos; non arma manu non frena remisit
Sicut erat, rectos defert in Tartara currus,
Respexitque cadens cœlum, campumque coire
Ingemuit!" B. vi. v. 817.—*Warton.*

In this translation there are some excellent passages, particularly those pointed out by Dr. Warton—"O father Phœbus," and the exquisite lines descriptive of Evening, "'Twas now the time," &c.; but some of the most striking images are omitted, some added, and some misunderstood. Let us however confess, that the versification is truly wonderful, considering the age of the author. It would

would be endless to point out, more particularly, occasional errors and inaccuracies, in a composition which can be considered no otherwise than as an extraordinary specimen of versification, before the writer's judgment and taste were matured. *Bowles.*

Dr. Warton is of opinion, that no youth of genius should ever be suffered to look into *Statius*, *Lucan*, *Claudian*, or *Seneca* the Tragedian, lest it should prove injurious to his taste; but there is perhaps a still stronger reason, why young persons should not be permitted the perusal of these and other ancient authors, without great caution, from the unfavourable effect which it is likely to produce on their moral feelings, by the false ideas they tend to inculcate of the first principles of justice, truth, and liberty, and of every thing most important to the interests of society. What must be the result, to an inexperienced mind, to find the ideas of right and wrong utterly confounded; persons pursued by divine vengeance for unintentional offences, and rewarded or excused for the most atrocious crimes? The Gods themselves acting under the influence of the basest and most degrading passions? and the most detestable tyrants exalted above the divinities, as if because they exceeded them in cruelty and injustice? and this too presented to the imagination with all the plausibility, force, and elegance, of which language is capable? It may be possible, that from the study of these authors, a pupil may rise up a more accomplished scholar; but it is not easy to perceive how he can become a better man. That they exhibit the sentiments of a false and impious religion, is admitted; but for that very reason they ought not to precede the inculcation of pure and correct ideas of Christian morality, on the minds of youth. This difficulty would be avoided, if the present mode of education were reversed; if the earlier years of life were devoted to the proper direction and improvement of the moral sense, by those simple, clear, and positive precepts of which youth is so soon sensible; and the acquisition of the ancient languages, and the improvement of the taste were postponed, till the intellectual powers were so far strengthened, as to prevent the possibility of any dangerous result.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

About this time it became fashionable among the wits at Button's, "*the mob of gentlemen that wrote with ease*," to translate Ovid. Their united performances were published in form by Garth, with a Preface written in a flowing and lively style, but full of strange opinions. He declares that none of the classic poets had the talent of expressing himself with more force and perspicuity than Ovid; that the Fiat of the Hebrew Lawgiver is not more sublime than the "jussit et extendi campos" of the Latin Poet; that he excels in the propriety of his similes and epithets, the perspicuity of his allegories, and the instructive excellence of his morals. Above all, he commends him for his unforced transitions, and for the ease with which he slides into some new circumstances, without any violation of the unity of the story; the texture, says he, is so artful, that it may be compared to the work of his own Arachne, where the shade dies so gradually, and the light revives so imperceptibly, that it is hard to tell where the one ceases and the other begins. But it is remarkable that Quintilian thought very differently on this subject of the transitions; and the admirers of Ovid would do well to consider his opinion: "Illa vero frigida et puerilis est in scholis affectatio, et hujus velut præstigiæ plausum petat." Garth was a most amiable and benevolent man: It was said of him, "that no physician knew his art more, nor his trade less." Pope told Mr. Richardson, that there was hardly an alteration, of the innumerable corrections that were made throughout every edition of the Dispensary, that was not for the better. The vivacity of his conversation, the elegance of his manners, and the sweetness of his temper, made Garth an universal favourite, both with Whigs and Tories, when party-rage ran high.

The notes which Addison wrote on those parts of Ovid which he translated are full of good sense, candour, and instruction. Great is the change in passing from Statius to Ovid; from force to facility of style, from thoughts and images too much studied and unnatural, to such as are obvious, careless, and familiar.

Voltaire has treated Augustus with pointed, but just severity, for banishing Ovid to Pontus, and assigning for a reason his having written The Art of Love; a work even of decency, compared with several parts of Horace, whom Augustus so much

praised and patronized; and which contained not a line at all comparable to some of the gross obscenities of Augustus's own verses. Laying many circumstances together, he thinks the real cause of this banishment was, that Ovid had seen and detected Augustus in some very criminal amour, and, in short, been witness to an act of incest. Ovid himself says,

" Cur aliquid vidi?"

And Minutianus Apuleius says, " Pulsum quoque in exitium quod Augusti incestum vidisset." Voltaire adds, " That Ovid himself deserves almost equal reproaches for having so lavishly and nauseously flattered both that emperor and his successor Tiberius."

Vol. v. p. 297.

Warton.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

DRYOPE IN ARBOREM.

Dixit : et, admonitu veteris commota ministræ,
Ingemuit ; quam sic nurus est adfata dolentem :
Te tamen, o Genitrix, alienæ sanguine vestro
Rapta movet facies. quid si tibi mira sororis
Fata meæ referam ? quamquam lacrymæque dolorque
Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. Fuit unica matri
(Me pater ex alia genuit) notissima forma
Œchalidum Dryope : quam virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei passam, Delphos Delonque tenentis,
Excipit Andræmon ; et habetur conjuge felix.
Est lacus, acclivi devexo margine formam
Littoris efficiens : summum myrteta coronant.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

She said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
When the fair Consort of her son replies.
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No nymph of all Œchalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(Myself the offspring of a second bride.)
This Nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and, bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms.
A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.

NOTES.

Dryope.] Upon occasion of the death of Hercules, his mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with a relation of those of her own family, in particular the transformations of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing fable. *Pope.*

Ver. 13.] This flowing couplet he has transferred into more places than one of his version of Homer. Many parts of this fable are indeed executed in his happiest manner, and would not have misbecome his powers in their maturity. An uncommon vein of tenderness and simplicity runs thro' a series of sweet and unaffected versification. *Wakefield.*

Venerat huc Dryope fatorum nescia; quoque
Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.
Inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus; tepidique ope lactis alebat.
Haud procul a stagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
In spem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos.
Carpserat hinc Dryope, quo oblectamina nato
Porrigeret, flores: et idem factura videbar;
Namque aderam; vidi guttas e flore cruentas
Decidere; et tremulo ramos horrore moveri.
Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,
Lotis in hanc Nymphe, fugiens obscœna Priapi,
Contulerat versos, servato nomine, vultus.
Nescierat soror hoc; quæ cum perterrita retro
Ire, et adoratis vellet discedere Nymphis
Hæserunt radice pedes; convellere pugnat:
Nec quidquam, nisi summa, movet. Succrescit ab imo,
Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,
Fronde manum implevit, frondes caput omne tenebant.

These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Nor distant far a wat'ry Lotos grows,
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son,
And I myself the same rash act had done:
But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood,)
The violated blossoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and fixing here, became
A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.
This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight:
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd:
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And, as she struggles, only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:

At puer Amphissos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
Addiderat nomen) materna rigescere sentit
Ubera: nec sequitur ducentem lacteus humor.
Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis: opemque
Non poteram tibi ferre, soror: quantumque valebam,
Crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa, morabar:
Et (fateor) volui sub eodem cortice condi.
Ecce vir Andræmon, genitorque miserrimus, adsunt;
Et quærunt Dryopen: Dryopen quærentibus illis
Ostendi loton. tepido dant oscula ligno:
Adfusique suæ radicibus arboris hærent.
Nil nisi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas,
Cara soror. lacrymæ verso de corpore factis
Irrorant foliis: ac, dum licet, oraque præstant
Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra questus:

Where late was hair the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er 'till then deny'd
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate.
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire:
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind;
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace, as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From ev'ry leaf distils a trickling tear,
And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains.

NOTES.

Ver. 67. *If to the wretched*] This translation is faulty. To clear herself from the imputation of falling under this judgment of heaven by any crime of her's, she bears witness to the behaviour of her husband and father, equally at least with her own; but why that introduction, "Si qua fides," believe me? And by what figure is mutual innocence put for mutual harmony? Nothing is more common in verse than to use the first plural for the singular: "Patior sine crimine, & viximus innocuæ," is but one and the same person; a testimony of her own innocence, but not of the mutual concord between her relations. *Bowyer.*

Si qua fides miseris, hoc me per numina juro
Non meruisse nefas. patior sine crimine pœnam.
Viximus innocuæ: si mentior, arida perdam,
Quas habeo, frondes; et cæsa securibus urar.
Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
Et date nutrici; nostraque sub arbore sæpe
Lac facitote bibat; nostraque sub arbore ludat.
Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet,
Et tristis dicat, Latet hoc sub stipite mater.
Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores;
Et frutices omnes corpus putet esse Dearum.
Care, vale, conjux, et tu germana, paterque!
Quîs siqua est pietas, ab acutæ vulnere falcis;
A pecoris morsu frondes defendite nostras.
Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est,
Erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite,
Dum tangi possunt, parvumque attollite natum.
Plura loqui nequeo. nam jam per candida mollis
Colla liber serpit; summoque cacumine condor.

If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
I swear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree, and say with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies;
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh! let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browzing cattle or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades;
Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.

Ex oculis removete manus. sine munere vestro
Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
Desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse: diuque
Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

THOUGH we must regret the hours our Poet spent in translating Statius and Ovid; yet it has given us an opportunity of admiring his good sense and judgment, in not suffering his taste and style, in his succeeding works, to be infected with the faults of these two writers. *Warton.*

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Of all the paradoxes which the restless vigour of his mind stimulated Warburton to maintain, the following is one of the most striking and unaccountable. "There is not," he says, (Divine Legation, b. iii. p. 337.) "a more extraordinary book than the Metamorphoses of Ovid, whether we regard the matter or the form. The tales appear monstrously extravagant, and the composition irregular and wild. Had it been the product of a dark age and a barbarous writer, we should have been content to have ranked it in the class of our modern Oriental fables, as a matter of no consequence: but when we consider it was wrote when Rome was in its meridian of politeness and knowledge, and by an author who, as appears from his acquaintance with the Greek tragic writers, knew well what belonged to a work, or composition, we cannot but be shocked at the grotesque assemblage of its parts. One would rather distrust one's judgment, and conclude the deformity to be only in appearance, which perhaps, on examination, we shall find to be the case; though it must be owned, the common opinion seems to be supported by Quintilian, the most judicious critic of antiquity, who speaks of our author and his work in these words: "Ut Ovidius lascivire in Metamorphosi solet, quem tamen excusare necessitas potest, res diversissimas in speciem uniùs corporis colligentem." And again, p. 343.: "Ovid gathered his materials from the mythological writers, and formed them into a poem on the most grand and regular plan, a popular history of Providence, carried down from the creation to his own times, through the Egyptian, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman histories; and this in as methodical a manner as the graces of poetry would allow."

It was reserved, therefore, for Dr. Warburton to discover what none of the ancients, not even the penetrating and judicious Quintilian, who lived so much nearer the time of the author, could possibly perceive the deep meaning and the accurate method of the metamorphoses of Ovid. As Boileau said of some of the forced interpretations of Dacier in his Horace, that they were the revelations of Dacier, it will not be uncandid or unjust to say that this remark on Ovid is one of Warburton's revelations. *Warton.*

VERTUMNUS ET POMONA.

Rege sub hoc Pomona fuit: qua nulla Latinas
Inter Hamadryadas coluit solertius hortos,
Nec fuit arborei studiosior altera fœtûs:
Unde tenet nomen. non sylvas illa, nec amnes;
Rus amat, et ramos felicia poma ferentes.
Nec jaculo gravis est, sed adunca dextera falce:
Qua modo luxuriem premit, et spatiantia passim
Brachia compescit; fissa modo cortice virgam
Inserit; et succos alieno præstat alumno.
Nec patitur sentire sitim; bibulæque recurvas
Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis.
Hic amor, hoc studium: Veneris quoque nulla cupido.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;
Of all the Virgins of the sylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,
The streams and fountains no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year.
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.

NOTES.

Ver. 15. *Now sliding streams*] "Sliding" is a very happy expression. Let me observe in this place, that the watering meadows, which is considered as so great an improvement in modern agriculture, was practised by the ancients, as appears evidently from the line,

"*Claudite* jam *rivos*, Pueri, sat *prata biberunt*." Virg. Geor.

The turning water into orchards to nourish the roots of the trees, is pointed out by Horace:

"Tiburni lucus, et *uda*
Mobilibus pomaria *rivis*." *Bowles.*

Vim tamen agrestûm metuens, pomaria claudit
Intus, et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles.
Quid non et Satyri, saltatibus apta juventus,
Fecere, et pinu præcincti cornua Panes,
Sylvanusque suis semper juvenilior annis,
Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,
Ut poterentur ea? sed enim superabat amando
Hos quoque Vertumnus: neque erat felicior illis.
O quoties habitu duri messoris aristas
Corbe tulit, verique fuit messoris imago!
Tempora sæpe gerens fœno religata recenti,
Desectum poterat gramen versasse videri.
Sæpe manu stimulos rigida portabat; ut illum
Jurares fessos modo disjunxisse juvencos.
Falce data frondator erat, vitisque putator.
Induerat scalas, lecturum poma putares:
Miles erat gladio, piscator arundine sumta.
Denique per multas aditum sibi sæpe figuras
Repperit, ut caperet spectatæ gaudia formæ.
Ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra,
Innitens baculo, positis ad tempora canis,

Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care,
To pass the fences, and surprize the fair?
Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears;
And first a reaper from the field appears.
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.

Adsimulavit anum: cultosque intravit in hortos;
Pomaque mirata est: Tantoque potentior, inquit.
Paucaque laudatæ dedit oscula; qualia nunquam
Vera dedisset anus: glebâque incurva resedit,
Suspiciens pandos autumni pondere ramos.
Ulmus erat contra, spatiosa tumentibus uvis:
Quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit;
At si staret, ait cœlebs, sine palmite truncus,
Nil præter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.
Hæc quoque, quæ juncta vitis requiescit in ulmo,
Si non nupta foret, terræ adclinata jaceret.
Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus;
Concubitusque fugis; nec te conjungere curas.
Atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus esset
Sollicitata procis: nec quæ Lapitheïa movit
Prœlia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulyssei.
Nunc quoque, cum fugias averserisque petentes,
Mille proci cupiunt; et semideique deique,
Et quæcunque tenent Albanos numina montes.
Sed tu, si sapies, si te bene jungere, anumque
Hanc audire voles, (quæ te plus omnibus illis,

The god in this decrepid form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
And "Happy you! (he thus address'd the maid)
"Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,
"As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow)
Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An Elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling Vine her swelling clusters spread:
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he said)
Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her married elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart subdue!
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you?
Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
Ulysses' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain,
A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love,

Plus quam credis, amo) vulgares rejice tædas :
Vertumnumque tori socium tibi selige; pro quo
Me quoque pignus habe; neque enim sibi notior
ille est,
Quam mihi. nec toto passim vagus errat in orbe.
Hæc loca sola colit: nec, uti pars magna procorum,
Quam modo vidit, amat. Tu primus et ultimus illi
Ardor eris; solique suos tibi devovet annos.
Adde, quod est juvenis: quod naturale decoris
Munus habet; formasque apte fingetur in omnes:
Et quod erit jussus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet.
Quid, quod amatis idem? quod, quæ tibi poma coluntur,
Primus habet; lætaque tenet tua munera dextra?
Sed neque jam fœtus desiderat arbore demtos,
Nec, quas hortus alit, cum succis mitibus herbas;
Nec quidquam, nisi te. Miserere ardentis: et ipsum
Qui petit, ore meo præsentem crede precari—
Sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus adurat
Poma; nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti.

(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guest)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone shall share
His last affection, as his early care.
Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same:
To him your orchards early fruits are due,
(A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you.)
He values these; but yet (alas) complains,
That still the best and dearest gift remains:
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
You, only you, can move the God's desire:
Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire!
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind!
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!

Hæc ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,
Edidit; in juvenem rediit: et anilia demit
Instrumenta sibi: talisque adparuit illi,
Qualis ubi opositas nitidissima solis imago
Evicit nubes, nullaque obstante reluxit.
Vimque parat: sed vi non est opus; inque figura
Capta Dei Nympha est, et mutua vulnera sentit.

This, when the various God had urg'd in vain,
He straight assum'd his native form again;
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when through clouds th' emerging sun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face,
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

Ovid seems to have had the merit of inventing this beautiful species of writing epistles under feigned names. Though indeed Propertius has one composition of this sort, an Epistle of Arethusa to Lycortas, B. iv. Eleg. 3. It is a high improvement on the Greek Elegy, to which its dramatic form renders it much superior. The judgment of the writer must chiefly appear, by opening the complaint of the person introduced, just at such a period of time, as will give occasion for the most tender sentiments, and the most sudden and violent turns of passion to be displayed. Ovid may perhaps be blamed for a sameness of subjects in these epistles of his heroines; and his epistles are likewise too long, which circumstance has forced him into a repetition and languor in the sentiments. It would be a pleasing task, and conduce to the formation of a good taste, to shew how differently Ovid and the Greek tragedians have made Medea, Phœdra, and Deianira, speak on the very same occasions. Such a comparison would abundantly manifest the fancy and wit of Ovid, and the judgment and nature of Euripides and Sophocles. If the character of Medea was not better supported in the tragedy which Ovid is said to have produced, and of which Quintilian speaks so highly, than it is in her epistle to Jason, one may venture to declare, that the Romans would not yet have been vindicated from their inferiority to the Greeks in tragic poesy. It may be added, that some of Drayton's Heroical Epistles deserve praise, particularly that of Lord Surrey to Geraldine, Lady Jane Grey to Lord Guildford Dudley, Jane Shore to Edward the Fourth. Lord Hervey took the subject of Roxana to Usbeck, from the incomparable Persian Letters of the President Montesquieu; the beauty of which writer is his expressive brevity, which Lord Hervey has lengthened to an unnatural degree, especially as Roxana is supposed to write just after she has swallowed a deadly poison, and during its violent operations.

The Italians have a writer of Heroical Epistles, Antonio Bruni; some of his subjects are, the Hebrew Mother to Titus Vespasian, Erminia to Tancred, Radamistus to Zenobia, Semiramis to Ninus, Catharine to Henry the Eighth. They were printed at Venice, 1636, with prints, from the designs of Guido and Dominichino.

Warton.

SAPPHO PHAONI.

Ecquid, ut inspecta est studiosæ littera dextræ,
Protinus est oculis cognita nostra tuis?
An, nisi legisses auctoris nomina Sapphûs,
Hoc breve nescires unde movetur opus?
Forsitan et quare mea sint alterna requiras
Carmina, cum lyricis sim magis apta modis.
Flendus amor meus est: elegeïa flebile carmen;
Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.
Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
Fertilis accensis messibus ardet ager.
Arva Phaon celebrat diversa Typhoïdos Ætnæ,
Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne coquit.
Nec mihi, dispositis quae jungam carmina nervis,
Proveniunt; vacuæ carmina mentis opus.
Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadesve puellæ,
Nec me Lesbiadum cætera turba juvant.
Vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
Non oculis grata est Atthis, ut ante, meis;
Atque aliæ centum, quas non sine crimine amavi;
Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes.
Est in te facies, sunt apti lusibus anni.
O facies oculis insidiosa meis!

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

Say, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse,
The Lute neglected, and the Lyric muse;
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne!
Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my soul a charm in music finds;
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are lost in only thine,
Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprize,
Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?

NOTES.

Ver. 9. *Uror.*] Our poet has not much varied here from the couplet of his predecessor, Sir *Carr. Scrope.*

" I burn, I burn, like kindled fields of corn,
When by the *driving winds* the *flames* are *born.*"
Wakefield.

Sume fidem et pharetram; fies manifestus Apollo:
Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris.
Et Phœbus Daphnen, et Gnosida Bacchus amavit;
Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos.
At mihi Pegasides blandissima carmina dictant;
Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
Nec plus Alcæus, consors patriæque lyræque,
Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille sonet.
Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit;
Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.
Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
Est mihi; mensuram nominis ipsa fero.
Candida si non sum, placuit Cepheïa Perseo
Andromede, patriæ fusca colore suæ;
Et variis albæ junguntur sæpe columbæ,
Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.
Si, nisi quæ facie poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est,

The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than ev'n those Gods contend in charms with thee.
The muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Tho' great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame;
Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,

NOTES.

Ver. 26. *Not Bacchus' self*] These lines were evidently copied in the famous epigram of "Lumine Acon dextro," &c. made on Louis de Maguiron, the favourite of Henry the Third of France, and the beautiful Princess of Eboli, who was deprived of the sight of one of her eyes:

Blande pure, lumen quod habes, concede sorori
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus. *Warton.*

At me cum legeres, etiam formosa videbar;
Unam jurabas usque decere loqui.
Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
Oscula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas.
Hæc quoque laudabas; omnique a parte placebam,
Sed tum praecipue, cum fit amoris opus.
Tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra juvabat,
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco;
Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confusa voluptas,
Plurimus in lasso corpore languor erat.
Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova præda puellæ;
Quid mihi cum Lesbo? Sicelis esse volo.
At vos erronem tellure remittite nostrum,
Nisiades matres, Nisiadesque nurus.
Neu vos decipiant blandæ mendacia linguæ:
Quæ dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.
Tu quoque quæ montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
(Nam tua sum) vati consule, diva tuæ
An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem?
Et manet in cursu semper acerba suo?
Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
Ante diem lacrymas ossa bibere meas.
Arsit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;
Mistaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
Factus inops agili peragit freta cœrula remo:
Quasque male amisit, nunc male quærit opes:
Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
Et tanquam desint, quæ me sine fine fatigent,
Accumulat curas filia parva meas.

By none, alas! by none thou can'st be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vast a memory has love?
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,
Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods, a Lesbian dame?
But ah! beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your Poet's pains!
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
My parent's ashes drank my early tears;
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.

Ultima tu nostris accedis causa querelis:
Non agitur vento nostra carina suo.
Ecce, jacent collo sparsi sine lege capilli;
Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
Veste tegor vili: nullum est in crinibus aurum:
Non Arabo noster rore capillus olet.
Cui colar infelix? aut cui placuisse laborem?
Ille mihi cultus unicus auctor abest.
Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis;
Et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem.
Sive ita nascenti legem dixere sorores,
Nec data sunt vitæ fila severa meæ;
Sive abeunt studia in mores, artesque magistræ,
Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
Quid mirum, si me primæ lanuginis ætas
Abstulit, atque anni, quos vir amare potest?
Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam:
Et faceres; sed te prima rapina tenet.
Hunc si conspiciat quæ conspicit omnia, Phœbe;
Jussus erit somnos continuare Phaon.
Hunc Venus in cœlum curru vexisset eburno;
Sed videt et Marti posse placere suo.
O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer! utilis ætas!
O decus, atque ævi gloria magna tui!
Huc ades, inque sinus, formose, relabere nostros:
Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare sinas.

Alas! what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling di'monds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disordered with the wanton wind:
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:
So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For those, Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
For those, might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O.scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at least the love you will not give.

Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur obortis:
Aspice, quam sit in hoc multa litura loco.
Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius isses,
Et modo dixisses: Lesbi puella, vale.
Non tecum lacrymas, non oscula summa tulisti;
Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
Nil de te mecum est, nisi tantum injuria: nec tu,
Admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes.
Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dedissem
Ulla, nisi ut nolles immemor esse mei.
Per tibi, qui nunquam longe discedat; Amorem,
Perque novem juro, numina nostra, Deas;
Cum mihi nescio quis, Fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit:
Nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui;
Et lacrymæ deerant oculis, et lingua palato:
Astrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.

NOTES.

Ver. 120. *esse mei.*] Trapp, in his Prelections, severely censures Ovid for his laziness and carelessness in ending so many of his pentameter verses with the words, *mei*, *tui*, and *sui*; a fault which Tibullus and Propertius have avoided. But I cannot be of Trapp's opinion, that it is improper to end pentameter verses with words of three or more syllables; which certainly gives a variety to the numbers, and is frequently done in some of the best Greek epigrams. *Warton.*

See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At least to feign was never hard to you,)
Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said;
Or coldly thus, Farewell, O Lesbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;
No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:

NOTES.

Ver. 110. *The less my sense, the more my love appears.*] Ruffhead observes, that this line is superior to the original,

Aspice, quam sit in hoc multa litura loco;

which he thinks flat and languid: but the simplicity of the appeal to the blot on her paper is admirable, and should be only mentioned *as a fact.* The imitator has destroyed the whole beauty of the line, by a quaint antithesis, and a laboured arrangement of words, which are not natural in affliction. *Bowles.*

Ver. 125.] *Like some sad statue,*] This image is not in the original, but it is very pleasingly introduced. *Bowles.*

Postquam se dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi,
  Nec puduit scissis exululare comis.
Non aliter quam si nati pia mater adempti
  Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos.
Gaudet, et e nostro crescit mœrore Charaxus
  Frater; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.
Utque pudenda mei videatur causa doloris;
  Quid dolet hæc: certe filia vivit, ait.
Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor: omne videbat
  Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta sinu.
Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te somnia nostra reducunt;
  Somnia formoso candidiora die.
Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus absis;
  Sed non longa satis gaudia somnus habet.
Sæpe tuos nostra cervice onerare lacertos,
  Sæpe tuæ videor supposuisse meos.
Blandior interdum, verisque simillima verba
  Eloquor; et vigilant sensibus ora meis.
Oscula cognosco; quæ tu committere linguæ,
  Aptaquè consueras accipere, apta dare.
Ulteriora pudet narrare; sed omnia fiunt,
  Et juvat, et sine te non libet esse mihi.
At cum se Titan ostendit, et omnia secum;
  Tam cito me somnos destituisse queror.

But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears;
His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
Oh night more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreath I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
A thousand melting kisses give, and take:
Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again:

Antra nemusque peto, tanquam nemus antraque prosint.
Conscia deliciis illa fuere tuis.
Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho
Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.
Antra vident oculi scabro pendentia topho,
Quæ mihi Mygdonii marmoris instar erunt.
Invenio sylvam, quæ sæpe cubilia nobis
Præbuit, et multa texit opaca coma.
At non invenio dominum sylvæque, meumque.
Vile solum locus est: dos erat ille loci.
Agnovi pressas noti mihi cespitis herbas:
De nostro curvum pondere gramen erat.
Incubui, tetigique locum quæ parte fuisti;
Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.
Quinetiam rami positis lugere videntur
Frondibus; et nullæ dulce queruntur aves.
Sola virum non ulta pie mœstissima mater
Concinit Ismarium Daulias ales Ityn.
Ales Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amores:
Hactenus, ut media cætera nocte silent.
Est nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni,
Fons sacer; hunc multi numen habere putant.
Quem supra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
Una nemus; tenero cespite terra viret.

Then frantic rise, and like some Fury rove
Through lonely plains, and through the silent grove,
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone;
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;
But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay;
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return:
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.
A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below:
A flow'ry Lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan Genius of the place:

NOTES.

Ver. 160. *Through lonely plains,*] *Antra nemusque* are not well rendered by "through lonely plains, &c." Ovid is concise and specific, Pope *general.* *Bowles.*

Hic ego cum lassos posuissem fletibus artus,
Constitit ante oculos Naïas una meos.
Constitit, et dixit, " Quoniam non ignibus æquis
" Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.
" Phœbus ab excelso, quantum patet, aspicit æquor:
" Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.
" Hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhæ succensus amore
" Misit, et illæso corpore pressit aquas.
" Nec mora: versus Amor tetigit lentissima Pyrrhæ
" Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.
" Hanc legem locus ille tenet, pete protinus altam
" Leucadia; nec saxo desiluisse time."
Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego frigida surgo:
Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuere genæ.

Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a wat'ry Virgin stood:
She stood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
"Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main;
"There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
"Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
"There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
"Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
"Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
"In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd:
"But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
"Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
"Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
"Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.

NOTES.

Ver. 188. *Leucadian main;*] Addison, with his usual exquisite humour, has given, in the 233d Spectator, an account of the persons, male and female, who leaped from the promontory of Leucate into the Ionian sea, in order to cure themselves of the passion of love. Their various characters, and effects of this leap, are described with infinite pleasantry. One hundred and twenty-four males, and one hundred and twenty-six females, took the leap in the 250th Olympiad; out of them one hundred and twenty were perfectly cured. Sappho, arrayed like a Spartan virgin, and her harp in her hand, threw herself from the rock with such intrepidity, as was never before observed in any who had attempted that very dangerous leap; from whence she never rose again, but was said to be changed into a swan as she fell, and was seen hovering in the air in that shape. Alcæus arrived at the promontory of Leucate that very evening, in order to take the leap on her account; but hearing that her body could not be found, he very generously lamented her fall, and is said to have written his 125th ode on that occasion. *Warton.*

Ibimus, o Nymphæ, monstrataque saxa petemus.
Sit procul insano victus amore timor.
Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit: aura, subito.
Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.
Tu quoque, mollis Amor, pennas suppone cadenti:
Ne sim Leucadiæ mortua crimen aquæ.
Inde chelyn Phœbo communia munera ponam:
Et sub ea versus unus et alter erunt.
" Grata lyram posui tibi, Phœbe, poëtria Sappho:
" Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi."
Cur tamen Actiacas miseram me mittis ad oras,
Cum profugum possis ipse referre pedem?
Tu mihi Leucadia potes esse salubrior unda:
Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.
An potes, o scopulis undaque ferocior illa,
Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meæ?

I go, ye Nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs, where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a Lover's death the guiltless flood profane!
On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this Inscription shall be plac'd below,
" Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
" Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her Lyre;
" What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;
" The gift, the giver, and the God agree."
But why, alas, relentless youth, ah! why
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than those may far more pow'rful be,
And Phœbus' self is less a God to me.
Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
Oh! far more faithless and more hard than they?

NOTES.

Ver. 207. *Ye gentle gales,*] These two lines have been quoted as the most smooth and mellifluous in our language; and they are supposed to derive their sweetness and harmony from the mixture of so many Iambics. Pope himself preferred the following line to all he had written, with respect to harmony:

Lo, where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows—— *Warton.*

At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,
Quam poterant saxis præcipitanda dari!
Hæc sunt illa, Phaon, quæ tu laudare solebas;
Visaque sunt toties ingeniosa tibi.
Nunc vellem facunda forent: dolor artibus obstat;
Ingeniumque meis substitit omne malis.
Non mihi respondent veteres in carmina vires.
Plectra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra est.
Lesbides, æquoreæ, nupturaque nuptaque proles;
Lesbides, Æolia nomina dicta lyra;
Lesbides, infamem quæ me fecistis amatæ;
Desinite ad citharas turba venire meas.

NOTES.

Ver. 227.] Little can be added to the character that Addison has so elegantly drawn of Sappho in the 223d and 229th numbers of the Spectator; in which are inserted the translations which Philips, under Addison's eye, gave of the two only remaining of her exquisite odes; one preserved by Dionysius Halicarnassus, and the other by Longinus. To the remarks that Pearce has made on the latter, I cannot forbear subjoining a remark of Tanaquil Faber on a secret and almost unobserved beauty of this ode: that in the eight last lines, the article Αἱ, in the original, is repeated seven times, to represent the short breathings of a person in the act of fainting away, and pronouncing every syllable with difficulty. Two beautiful fragments are preserved; the first consisting only of four lines in Fulvius Ursinus, which Horace has imitated in the twelfth ode of the third book, Tibi qualum, *&c.*; and the other the beginning of an ode addressed to Evening by Demetrius Phalareus, in the Oxford edition, by Gale, p. 104.

In one of Akenside's odes to lyric poetry, which have been too much depreciated, are two fine stanzas: one in the character of Alcæus, and the other on the character of Sappho:

—— Spirat adhuc Amor
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ! *Warton.*

Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast
Dash'd on these rocks, than to thy bosom prest?
This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.
Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,
Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre.
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath the weight of woe.
Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign:
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?
Gods! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move
One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have lost them all in air!
Or when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails!

NOTES.

Ver. 236. *My Phaon*] Fenton translated this epistle, but with a manifest inferiority to Pope. He added an original poem of his own, an epistle of Phaon to Sappho; which appears to be one of the feeblest in the collection of his poems, among which some are truly excellent. *Warton.*

Abstulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat.
(Me miseram! dixi quam modo pene, meus!)
Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque vestra redibit.
Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit.
Ecquid ego precibus? pectusne agreste movetur?
An riget? et Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?
Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.
Hoc te, si saperes, lente, decebat opus.
Sive redis, puppique tuæ votiva parantur
Munera; quid laceras pectora nostra mora?
Solve ratem: Venus orta mari, mare præstet eunti.
Aura dabit cursum; tu modo solve ratem.
Ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido:
Ipse dabit tenera vela legetque manu,
Sive juvat longe fugisse Pelasgida Sappho;
(Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga.)
O saltem miseræ, Crudelis, epistola dicat:
Ut mihi Leucadiæ fata petantur aquæ.

If you return—ah why these long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
O launch the bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain;
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales;
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either cease to live or cease to love!

NOTES.

Ver. 253. *Cupid for thee*] This image is very inferior to the original, as it is more vague and general: the picture in the original is strikingly beautiful. The circumstances which make it so, are omitted by Pope:

" *Ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido,*
Ipse dabit tenera vela legetque manu."

This would form a beautiful subject for Mr. Flaxman, who has made such correct, elegant, and classical drawings for Homer.

Bowles.

This Epistle is translated by Pope with elegance, and much excels any Dryden translated in the volume he published; several of which were done by some "of the mob of gentlemen that wrote with ease;" that is, Sir C. Scroop, Caryl, Pooly, Wright, Tate, Buckingham, Cooper, and other careless rhymers. Lord Somers translated Dido to Æneas, and Ariadne to Theseus. A good translation of these epistles is as much wanted as one of Juvenal; for out of sixteen satires of that poet, Dryden himself translated but six. We can now boast of happy translations in verse of almost all the great poets of antiquity, whilst the French have been poorly contented with only prose translations of Homer and Horace; which, says Cervantes, can no more resemble the original than the wrong side of tapestry can represent the right. The inability of the French tongue to express many Greek or Roman ideas with facility and grace is here visible; but the Italians have Horace translated by Pallavacini, Theocritus by Ricolotti and Salvini, Ovid by Anguillara, the Æneid, admirably well in blank verse, by Annibal Caro, and the Georgics, in blank verse also, by Daniello, and Lucretius by Marchetti.

One of the most learned commentaries on any classic is that of Mezeriac on the epistles of Ovid. It seems strange he should have employed so much labour on such a writer. The very best life of Æsop is also by Mezeriac; a book so scarce, that neither Bentley nor Bayle had seen it when they first wrote on Æsop. It was reprinted in the Memoires de Literature of M. de Sallengre 1717, tom. i. p. 87. This is the author whom Malherbe, with his usual bluntness, asked, when he published his edition of Diophantus, "If it would lessen the price of bread?"

There was a very early translation of the epistles of Ovid ascribed to Shakespear, which error, like many others, has been rectified by that able and accurate inquirer, Dr. Farmer, who has shewn that they were translated by Thomas Heywood, and inserted in his Britaine's Troy, 1609.

One of the best imitations of Ovid is a Latin epistle of the Count Balthasar Castiglione, author of the celebrated Courtier, addressed to his absent wife. *Warton.*

Dr. Warton observes, that this Translation is superior to any of Dryden's. If, indeed, we compare Pope's Translations with those

of any other writer, their superiority must be strikingly apparent. There is a *finish* in them, a correctness, a *natural* flow, and a tone of originality, added to a wonderful propriety and beauty of expression and language. The literary world has of late been gratified by some excellent Translations from the Classicks—of the Georgics, by Sotheby—Horace, by Boscawen—Juvenal, by Gifford—and Anacreon, by Moore; whose version, though not always quite faithful, is truly spirited and elegant.

If Pope ever fails, it is where he *generalises* too much. This is particularly objectionable, where in the original there is any *marked, distinct*, and beautiful *Picture:* so, as it has been observed, Pope only says,

" Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sail;"

whereas in Ovid, Cupid appears before us in the very act of guiding he vessel, seated as the pilot, and with his *tender* HAND, *(tenerâ manu)* contracting, or letting flow, the sail. I need not point out another beauty in the original, the repetition of the word " *Ipse.*"

Bowles.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third Book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes. *P.*

The following note was prefixed to the first edition of this poem:

"Some modern critics, from a pretended refinement of taste, have declared themselves unable to relish allegorical poems. It is not easy to penetrate into the meaning of this criticism; for if fable be allowed one of the chief beauties, or, as Aristotle calls it, the very soul of poetry, it is hard to comprehend how that fable should be the less valuable for having a moral. The ancients constantly made use of allegories. My Lord Bacon has composed an express treatise in proof of this, entitled, The Wisdom of the Ancients; where the reader may see several particular fictions exemplified and explained with great clearness, judgment, and learning. The incidents, indeed, by which the allegory is conveyed, must be varied according to the different genius or manners of different times; and they should never be spun too long, or too much clogged with trivial circumstances, or little particularities. We find an uncommon charm in truth, when it is conveyed by this sideway to our understanding: and it is observable, that even in the most ignorant ages this way of writing has found reception. Almost all the poems in the old Provençal had this turn; and from these it was that Petrarch took the idea of his poetry. We have his Trionfi in this kind; and Boccace pursued in the same track.

Soon after, Chaucer introduced it here, whose Romaunt of the Rose, Court of Love, Flower of the Leaf, House of Fame, and some others of his writings, are master-pieces of this sort. In epic poetry, it is true, too nice and exact a pursuit of the allegory is justly esteemed a fault; and Chaucer had the discernment to avoid it in his Knight's Tale, which was an attempt towards an epic poem. Ariosto, with less judgment, gave entirely into it in his Orlando; which, though carried to an excess, had yet so much reputation in Italy, that Tasso (who reduced heroic poetry to the juster standard of the ancients) was forced to prefix to his work a scrupulous explanation of the allegory of it, to which the fable itself could scarce have directed his readers. Our countryman, Spenser, followed, whose poem is almost entirely allegorical, and imitates the manner of Ariosto rather than that of Tasso. Upon the whole, one may observe this sort of writing (however discontinued of late) was in all times so far from being rejected by the best poets, that some of them have rather erred by insisting on it too closely, and carrying it too far; and that to infer from thence that the allegory itself is vicious, is a presumptuous contradiction to the judgment and practice of the greatest geniuses, both ancient and modern "

It was to the Italians we owed any thing that could be called poetry; from whom Chaucer, imitated by Pope in this vision, copied largely, as they are said to have done from the bards of Provence, and to which Italians he is perpetually owning his obligations, particularly to Boccace and Petrarch. But Petrarch had greater advantages, which Chaucer wanted, not only in the friendship and advices of Boccace, but still more in having found such a predecessor as Dante. In the year 1359, Boccace sent to Petrarch, who, it seems, was jealous of Dante, and in the answer speaks coldly of his merits. This circumstance, unobserved by the generality of writers, and even by Fontanini, Crescembini, and Muratori, is brought forward, and related at large in the third volume (p. 507.) of the very entertaining Memoirs of the Life of Petrarch. In the year 1363, Boccace, driven from Florence by the plague, visited Petrarch at Venice, and carried with him Leontius Pilatus, of Thessalonica, a man of genius, but of haughty, rough, and brutal manners. From this singular man, who perished

in a voyage from Constantinople to Venice 1365, Petrarch received a Latin translation of the Iliad and Odyssey. Muratori, in his first book, Della Perfetta Poesia, p. 18. relates, that a very few years after the death of Dante, 1321, a most curious work on the Italian poetry was written by a M.A. di Tempo, of which he had seen a manuscript in the great library at Milan, of the year 1332, and of which this is the title: Incipit Summa Artis Ritmici vulgaris dictaminis. The chapters are thus divided: Ritmorum vulgarium Septem sunt genera; 1. Est Sonetus; 2. Ballata; 3. Cantio extensa; 4. Rotundellus; 5. Mandrialis; 6. Serventesius; 7. Molus Confectus. But whatever Chaucer might copy from the Italians, yet the artful and entertaining plan of his Canterbury Tales was purely original and his own. This admirable piece, even exclusive of its poetry, is highly valuable, as it preserves to us the liveliest and exactest picture of the manners, customs, characters, and habits, of our forefathers, whom he has brought before our eyes acting as on a stage, suitably to their different orders and employments. With these portraits the driest antiquary must be delighted. By this plan, he has more judiciously connected these stories which the guests relate, than Boccace has done his novels: whom he has imitated, if not excelled, in the variety of the subjects of his tales. It is a common mistake, that Chaucer's excellence lay in his manner of treating light and ridiculous subjects; for whoever will attentively consider the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, will be convinced that he equally excels in the pathetic and the sublime. It has been but lately proved, that the Palamon and Arcite of Chaucer, is taken from the Teseide of Boccace, a poem which has been, till within a few years past, strangely neglected and unknown, and of which Mr. Tyrwhitt has given a curious and exact summary, in his Dissertation on the Canterbury Tales, vol. iv. p. 135. I cannot forbear expressing my surprize, that the circumstance of Chaucer's borrowing this tale, should have remained so long unobserved, when it is so plainly and positively mentioned in a book so very common as the Memoirs of Niceron; who says, t. xxxiii. p. 44. after giving an abstract of the story of Palamon and Arcite, G. Chaucer, l'Homere de son pays, a mis l'ouvrage de Boccace en vers Anglois. This book was published by Niceron 1736. He also mentions a French translation of the Teseide, published at Paris, MDCC. 1597, in 12mo. The late Mr. Hans Stanley, who was as accurately skilled in modern as in

ancient Greek, for a long time was of opinion, that this poem, in modern political Greek verses, was the original; in which opinion he was confirmed by the Abbé Barthelmy, at Paris, whose learned correspondence with Mr. Stanley on this subject I have read. At last Mr. Stanley gave up this opinion, and was convinced that Boccace invented the tale. Crescembini and Muratori have mentioned the Teseide more than once. That very laborious and learned antiquary Apostolo Zeno, speaks thus of it in his notes to the Bibliotheca of Fontanini, p. 50. t. i. Questa opera pastorale (that is, the Ameto) che prende il nome dal pastore Ameto, ha data l'origine all egloga Italiana, non senza lode del Boccaccio, a cui pure la nostra lingua deve il ritrovamento della ottava rima. (which was first used in the Teseide), e del poema eroico. Gravina does not mention this poem. Crescembini gives this opinion of it, p. 118. t. i. Nel medesimo secolo del Petrarca, il Boccacio diede principio all' Epica, colla sua Teseide, e col Filostrato; ma nello stile non accede la mediocrità, anzi sovente cadde nell' umile. The fashion that has lately obtained, in all the nations of Europe, of republishing and illustrating their old Poets, does honour to the good taste and liberal curiosity of the present age. It is always pleasing, and indeed useful, to look back to the rude beginnings of any art brought to a greater degree of elegance and grace.

Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis. Virg.

Warton.

If Chaucer was indebted to any of the Italian poets for the idea of his *House of Fame*, it was to Petrarca, who in his *Trionfo della Fama*, has introduced many of the most eminent characters of ancient times. It must however be observed, that the poem of Petrarca is extremely simple and inartificial, and consists only in supposing that the most celebrated men of ancient Greece and Rome, pass in review before him; whilst that of Chaucer is the work of a powerful imagination, abounding with beautiful and lively descriptions, and forming a connected and consistent whole. That the imagination of Chaucer was warmed by his intercourse with the early poets of Italy, is indisputable; but although it appears that his *Palamon and Arcite* was founded on the *Teseide* of Boccaccio; yet there is reason to conclude, that his House of Fame, was, as well as the design of his Canterbury Tales, originally his own.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

In that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And join'd, this intellectual scene compose.
I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:

NOTES.

The Temple of Fame.] One of the noblest, though earliest, productions of the author, displaying a fertile invention and an uncommon grandeur and facility of style. It is confessedly founded on Chaucer's House of Fame; but the design is greatly altered and improved, and many of the thoughts and descriptions are entirely his own; yet such is the coincidence and happy union of the work with its prototype, that it is almost impossible to distinguish those portions for which he is indebted to Chaucer from those of his own invention. The conclusion, as descriptive of his own feelings at an early period of his own life, is particularly interesting.

Ver. 1. *In that soft season, &c.*] This poem is introduced in the manner of the Provençal Poets, whose works were for the most part Visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream, Flower and the Leaf*, &c. of the latter. The Author of this therefore chose the same sort of exordium. *P.*

Ver. 11. *I stood,*] This poem was elegantly translated into French by Madame du Boccage, who also wrote three poems of the

In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen,
There tow'ry cities; and the forests green;
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes;
There trees, and intermingled temples rise:
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays;
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore:
Then, gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;

NOTES.

the epic kind: The Paradise, from Milton; the Death of Abel, from Gessner; and the Exploits of Columbus, in ten cantos. *Warton.*

Ver. 27. *High on a rock of ice*] Milton, in his Poem on the Fifth of November (Works, vol. ii. p. 506. ver. 170.), has introduced a description of the Temple or Tower of Fame, copied from the

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 11. &c.] These verses are hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book ii.

" Tho beheld I fields and plains,
" Now hills, and now mountains,
" Now valeis, and now forestes,
" And now unneth great bestes,
" Now rivers, now citees,
" Now towns, now great trees,
" Now shippes sayling in the sees." *P.*

The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdu'd;

NOTES.

the 12th book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, ver. 39. and from this vision of Chaucer, with the addition of many circumstances and images. *Warton.*

The Temple of Fame is represented on a foundation of *ice*, to signify the brittle nature and precarious tenure, as well as the difficult attainment of that possession; according to the poet himself, ver. 504.

So hard to gain, so easy to be lost. *Wakefield.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 27. *High on a rock of Ice, &c.*] Chaucer's third book of *Fame.*

" It stood upon so high a rock,
" Higher standeth none in Spayne—
" What manner stone this rock was,
" For it was like a lymed glass,
" But that it shone full more clere;
" But of what congeled matere
" It was, I niste redily;
" But at the last espied I,
" And found that it was every dele,
" A rock of ise and not of stele." *P.*

Ver. 31. *Inscriptions here, &c.*]

" Tho' saw I all the hill y-grave
" With famous folkes names fele,
" That had been in much wele
" And her fames wide y-blow;
" But well unneth might I know
" Any letters for to rede
" Their names by, for out of drede
" They weren almost off-thawen so,
" That of the letters one or two
" Were molte away of every name,
" So unfamous was woxe her fame;
" But men said what may ever last." *P.*

Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And Poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by Envy than excess of Praise.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:

NOTES.

Ver. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd*] Does not this use of the heat of the sun appear to be puerile and far-fetched conceit? What connection is there betwixt the two sorts of excesses here mentioned? My purpose in animadverting so frequently as I have done on this species of false thoughts, is to guard the reader, especially of the younger sort, from being betrayed by the authority of so correct a writer as Pope into such specious and false refinements of style. For the same reason the opposition of ideas, in the three last words of the following line, may be condemned:

"And legislators seem to think in stone." *Warton.*

The two lines, *for fame*, &c. destroy the allegory; and the censure of the critic is just. Not so with respect to the other line, *and legislators*, &c. which presents no "*opposition of ideas*;" but on the contrary, a grand and simple image.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd, &c.*]
"Tho' gan I in myne harte cast,
"That they were molte away for heate,
"And not away with stormes beate." *P.*

Ver. 45. *Yet part no injuries, &c.*]
"For on that other side I sey
"Of that hill which northward ley,

"How

The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky:
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

NOTES.

Ver. 53. *So Zembla's rocks*] A real lover of painting will not be contented with a single view and examination of this beautiful winter-piece; but will return to it again and again with fresh delight. The images are distinct, and the epithets lively and appropriated, especially the words *pale, unfelt, impassive, incumbent, gather'd.* The reader may consult Thomson's Winter, v. 905.

Warton.

IMITATIONS.

" How it was written full of names
" Of folke, that had afore great fames,
" Of old time, and yet they were
" As fresh as men had writtee hem there
" The self day, or that houre
" That I on hem gan to poure:
" But well I wiste what it made;
" It was conserved with the shade
" (All the writing that I sye)
" Of the castle that stoode on high,
" And stood in so cold a place,
" That heate might it not deface." *P.*

On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various structure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race;
The walls in venerable order grace.
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legislators seem to think in stone.
Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:
There great Alcides stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil.

NOTES.

Ver 65. *Four faces had the dome, &c.*] The Temple is described to be square, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The western front is of Grecian architecture: the Doric order was peculiarly sacred to Heroes and Worthies. Those whose statues are after mentioned, were the first names of old Greece in arms and arts. *P.*

Ver. 81. *There great Alcides, &c.*] This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the position of the famous statue of Farnese. *P.*

It

Here Orpheus sings, trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
Amphion there the loud-creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!

NOTES.

It were to be wished, that our author, whose knowledge and taste of the fine arts were unquestionable, had taken more pains in describing so famous a statue as that of the Farnesian Hercules, to which he plainly refers, for he has omitted the characteristical excellencies of this famous piece of Grecian workmanship; namely, the uncommon breadth of the shoulders, the knottiness and spaciousness of the chest,* the firmness and protuberance of the muscles in each limb, particularly the legs, and the majestic vastness of the whole figure, undoubtedly designed by the artist to give a full idea of strength, as the Venus de' Medicis of beauty. These were the "invicti membra Glyconis," which, it is probable, Horace proverbially alluded to in his first epistle, v. 30. The name of Glycon is to this day preserved on the base of the figure as the maker of it; and as the virtuosi, customarily in speaking of a picture or statue, call it their Raphael or Bernini, why should not Horace, in common speech, use the name of the workman instead of the work? To mention the Hesperian apples, which the artist flung backwards, and almost concealed as an inconsiderable object, and which therefore scarcely appear in the statue, was below the notice of Pope. *Warton.*

Ver. 85. *Amphion there the loud*] It may be imagined that these expressions are too bold; and a phlegmatic critic might ask, how it was possible to see, in sculpture, arches bending, and towers growing? But the best writers in speaking of pieces of painting and sculpture, use the present or imperfect tense, and talk of the things as really doing, to give a force to the description.

Thus Virgil:

——— "Gallos in limine adesse canebat."
——— "Incedunt victæ longo ordine gentes,
Quam variæ linguis, habitu tam vestis et armis."

* Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus.—
Virg. Georg. lib. iii. v. 81.

As

Cithæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:

NOTES.

As Pliny says that Clesilochus painted "Jovem muliebriter ingemiscentem." And Homer, in his beautiful and lively description of the shield,

——— εν δ' αρα τοισιν
Αυλοι, φορμιγγες τε βοην ειχον.

And again,

Μυκηθμω δ' απο κοπρω επισσευοντο νομοι δε,
Παρ ποταμον κελαδοντα.—

In another place,

—— Αινον υπο καλον ασιδε.

Upon which Clarke has made an observation that surprises me; "Sed quomodo in scuto Depingi potuit, quem caneret citharista?"

This passage must not be parted with, till we have observed the artful rest upon the first syllable of the second verse:

"Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes."

There are many instances of such judicious pauses in Homer:

Αυλαρ επειτ' αυλοισι βελος ειχεπευκες εφιεις
Βαλλ'.

And in Milton,

"As over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook."

—— "Others on the grass
Couch'd."

And of his blindness,

—— "But not to me returns
Day."

In the spirited speech of Satan,

—— "All good to me becomes
Bane."

These monosyllables have much force and energy; the Latin language does not admit of such. Virgil therefore, who so well understood and copied all the secret arts and charms of Homer's versification, has afforded us no examples; yet, some of his pauses on words of more syllables in the beginning of lines are emphatical:

"Vox

There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.
The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
With di'mond flaming, and barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand,
The sage Chaldæans, rob'd in white, appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.

NOTES.

" Vox quoque per lucos vulgo exaudita silentes,
Ingens."
—— " Hærent infixi pectore vultus
Verbaque." *Warton.*

Ver. 88. *Mountain rolls*] Dennis idly objected to these lines, because motion cannot be represented in sculpture. But Virgil, in his shield, represents motion; in one instance, perhaps, he carries the idea too far:

——— Mulcere alternos.

Motion may be represented, but not change of motion.
Warton.

Had Warton forgot the description of the woman, represented on the bowl of Theocritus? *Bowles.*

Ver. 96. *And the great founder of the Persian name:*] Cyrus was the beginning of the Persian, as Ninus was of the Assyrian monarchy. The Magi and Chaldæans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employed their studies upon magic and astrology, which was, in a manner, almost all the learning of the ancient Asian people. We have scarce any account of a moral philosopher, except Confucius, the great law-giver of the Chinese, who lived about two thousand years ago. *P.*

These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbodied shades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;

NOTES.

Ver. 101. *These stopp'd the moon,*] These superstitions of the East are highly striking to the imagination. Since the time that poetry has been forced to assume a more sober, and perhaps a more rational air, it scarcely ventures to enter the fairy regions. There are some, however, who think it has suffered by deserting these fields of fancy, and by totally laying aside the descriptions of magic and enchantment. What an exquisite picture has Thomson given us, in his delightful Castle of Indolence!

"As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro,
Then all at once in air dissolves the wond'rous show."

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE, Stan. XXX. b. 1.

I cannot at present recollect any solitude so romantic, or peopled with beings so proper to the place and the spectator. The mind naturally loves to lose itself in one of these wildernesses, and to forget the hurry, the noise, and splendor of more polished life; as in the following beautiful stanza of The Minstrel:

"In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell;
Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;
No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon,
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon."

MINSTREL.
Warton.

Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of talismans and sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, to be good.
But on the South, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car, Sesostris struck my view,
Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew:
His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

NOTES.

Ver. 107. *Confucius stood,*] Congfutzee, for that was his name, flourished about two thousand three hundred years ago, just before Pythagoras. He taught justice, obedience to parents, humility, and universal benevolence: and he practised these virtues when he was a first minister, and when he was reduced to poverty and exile. His family still exists in China, and is highly honoured and respected. *Warton.*

Ver. 110. *Egypt's Priests, &c.*] The learning of the old Egyptian priests consisted for the most part in geometry and astronomy: they also preserved the history of their nation. Their greatest hero upon record is Sesostris, whose actions and conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, &c. He is said to have caused the kings he vanquished, to draw him in his chariot. The posture of his statue, in these verses, is correspondent to the description, which Herodotus gives of one of them, remaining in his own time. *P.*

Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride:
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.

NOTES.

Ver. 119. *Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,*] The architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obscure than that of the rest. Zamolxis was the disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legislator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that, being subject to fits, he persuaded his followers, that during those trances he received inspirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is said to have been the inventor of the Runic characters. *P.*

This rude nation had great ideas. When Alaric their king was buried in Calabria, 410, they turned the course of the river Vasento, where it was most rapid; and having dug a very deep grave in this river's bed, there interred their revered prince, with many rich suits of armour, and much gold and precious stones. They then turned the river back into its usual course, and killed on the spot all that had assisted at this work, that the place of his interment might never be discovered. *Warton.*

Ver. 122. *Runic characters*] The Gothic mythology, by being more nobly wild, is more affecting to the imagination than the classical. The magicians of Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, have more powerful spells than those of Apollonius, Seneca, and Lucan. The enchanted forest of Ismeno is more poetical than even the grove, which Cæsar, in Lucan, orders to be cut down, b. iii. v. 400. What a group of dreadful images do we meet with in the Edda? Hence are drawn those thrilling numbers which Gray has given us in his Descent of Odin. *Warton.*

I cannot admit that the Gothic mythology is, in general, so *nobly* wild, as Dr. Warton represents it. That it is gloomy, terrific, and in parts highly poetical, is very true; but there is a ludicrousness in many of its images, and a littleness, instead of that grandeur which is essential to the higher species of poetry. The story of Thor and the Cat, and many other of his extraordinary feats

There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
And youths that died to be by Poets sung.
These, and a thousand more, of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increases all.
The Temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:

NOTES.

feats, are far from being "*nobly wild.*" I must, however, except the sublime description in the Edda, of the "Twilight of the Gods, and Surtur the Black Angel." Such a mixture of wild ideas is common in the superstitions of all rude nations. The Northern superstitions can be traced, I believe, clearly to the East. *Bowles.*

Ver. 127. *Druids and Bards, &c.*] These were the priests and poets of those people, so celebrated for their savage virtue. Those heroic barbarians accounted it a dishonour to die in their beds, and rushed on to certain death in the prospect of an after-life, and for the glory of a song from their bards in praise of their actions. *P.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 132. *The wall in lustre, &c.*]
"It shone lighter than a glass,
"And made well more than it was,
"As kind of thing Fame is." *P.*

Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage Historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood Heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan God.
There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;

NOTES.

Ver. 147. *The sage Historians, &c.*] The white garments are suitable emblems of *pure* purpose and undecorated truth; *veritatis non fucatæ;* for which we seem to want an elegant appropriate term in our language. *Wakefield.*

Ver. 152. *The youth that all things but himself subdu'd;*] Alexander the Great: the Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Asian Princes: his desire to be thought the son of Jupiter Ammon, caused him to wear the horns of that God, and to represent the same upon his coins; which was continued by several of his successors. *P.*

Ver. 154. *bely'd the Libyan God.*] "Bely'd the God," are expressions from Dryden:

A dragon's fiery form "bely'd the God."
St. Cecilia's Ode. *Bowles.*

Ver. 155. The greatest panegyric that ever Alexander and Cæsar

Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
And scarce detested in his Country's fate.
But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought:
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;

NOTES.

Cæsar met with, is from Lord Bacon, in the Advancement of Learning, b. i. p. 75. first edition. *Warton.*

Ver. 161. *Epaminondas stood;*] "In other illustrious men you will observe that each possessed some one shining quality, which was the foundation of his fame: in Epaminondas all the virtues are found united; force of body, eloquence of expression, vigour of mind, contempt of riches, gentleness of disposition, and, what is chiefly to be regarded, courage and conduct in war."—Diodorus Siculus, lib. xv. *Warton.*

Ver. 162. *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;*] Timoleon had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood. *P.*

Ver. 162. *Timoleon, glorious*] Mr. Harte told me, our author had once intended to write an epic poem on the story of Timoleon; and it is remarkable that Dr. Akenside had the same design; he hints at it himself in the last stanza of the thirteenth ode, b. i. on lyric poetry:

"But when from envy and from death to claim,
A hero bleeding for his native land;
When to throw incense on the vestal flame
Of liberty, my genius gives command;
Nor Theban voice, nor Lesbian lyre,
From thee, O muse, do I require;
While my presaging mind,
Conscious of powers she never knew,
Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate submits to be confin'd."

He told me himself that the last line alluded to the Leonidas of Glover. *Warton*

Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind,
With boundless pow'r, unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates:
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just, but when he sign'd the Shell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;

NOTES.

Ver. 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens, &c.*] Aristides, who for his great integrity was distinguished by the appellation of *the Just*. When his countrymen would have banished him by the Ostracism, where it was the custom for every man to sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an Oyster-shell; a peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him, who readily signed his own name. *P.*

Ver. 174. *Martyr'd Phocion.*] Who, when he was about to drink the hemlock, charged his son to forgive his enemies, and not to revenge his death on those Athenians who had decreed it. *Warton.*

Ver. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd choir, &c.*] In the midst

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 179. *Six pompous columns, &c.*]

" From the dees many a pillere,
" Of metal that shone not full clere, &c.

" Upon

Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;

NOTES.

midst of the Temple, nearest the throne of Fame, are placed the greatest names in learning of all antiquity. These are described in such attitudes as express their different characters: the columns on which they are raised are adorned with sculptures, taken from the most striking subjects of their works; which sculpture bears a resemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings. P.

Ver. 178. *But in the centre*] The six persons Pope thought proper to select as worthy to be placed on these pillars as the highest seats of honour, are Homer, Virgil, Pindar, Horace, Aristotle, and Tully. It is observable that our author has omitted the great dramatic poets of Greece. Sophocles and Euripides deserved certainly an honourable niche in the Temple of Fame, as much as Pindar and Horace. But the truth is, it was not fashionable in Pope's time, nor among his acquaintance, attentively to study these poets. By a strange fatality they have not in this kingdom obtained the rank they deserve amongst classic writers. We

IMITATIONS.

" Upon a pillere saw I stonde
" That was of lede and iron fine,
" Him of the Sect Saturnine,
" The Ebraicke Josephus the old, &c.
" Upon an iron piller strong,
" That painted was all endlong,
" With tigers' blood in every place,
" The Tholosan that hight Stace,
" That bare of Thebes up the name," &c. *P.*

Ver. 182.]
" Full wonder hye on a pillere
" Of iron, he the great Omer,
" And with him Darius and Titus," &c. *P.*

Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;
Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the Pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;

NOTES.

We have numberless treatises on Horace and Virgil, for instance, who in their different kinds do not surpass the authors in question, whilst hardly a critic among us has professedly pointed out their excellencies.

I own I have some particular reasons for thinking that our author was not very conversant in this sort of composition, having no inclination to the drama. In a note on the third book of his Homer, where Helen points out to Priam the names and characters of the Grecian leaders from the walls of Troy, he observes, that several great poets have been engaged by the beauty of this passage to an imitation of it. But who are the poets he enumerates on this occasion? Only Statius and Tasso; the former of whom, in his seventh book, and the latter in his third, shews the forces and the commanders that invested the cities of Thebes and Jerusalem. Not a syllable is mentioned of that capital scene in the Phœnissæ of Euripides, from the hundred and twentieth to the two hundredth line, where the old man, standing with Antigone on the walls of Thebes, marks out to her the various figures, habits, armour, and qualifications of each different warrior, in the most lively and picturesque manner, as they appear in the camp beneath them. *Warton.*

Ver. 188. *The wars of Troy*] The poems of Homer afford a marvellous variety of subjects proper for history-painting. A very ingenious French nobleman, the Count de Caylus, has lately printed a valuable treatise, entitled, "Tableaux tirés de l'Illiade, et de l'Odysse d'Homere;" in which he has exhibited the whole series of events contained in these poems, arranged in their proper order; has designed each piece, and disposed each figure, with much taste and judgment. He seems justly to wonder, that artists

Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall:
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;

NOTES.

artists have so seldom had recourse to this great store-house of beautiful and noble images, so proper for the employment of the pencil, and delivered with so much force and distinctness, that the painter has nothing to do but to substitute his colours for the words of Homer. He complains that a Raphael, and a Julio Romano, should copy the crude and unnatural conceptions of Ovid's Metamorphoses and Apuleius's Ass; and that some of their sacred subjects were ill-chosen. Among the few who borrowed their subjects from Homer, he mentions Bouchardon with the honour he deserves, and relates the following anecdote: "This great artist having lately read Homer in an old and detestable French translation, came one day to me, his eyes sparkling with fire, and said, "Since I have read this book, men seem to be fifteen feet high, and all nature is enlarged in my sight."

Pope has selected from Homer only three subjects as the most interesting: Diomed wounding Venus, Hector slaying Patroclus, and the same Hector dragged along at the wheels of Achilles's chariot. Are these the most affecting and striking incidents of the Iliad? But it is highly worth remarking, that this very incident of dragging the body of Hector thrice round the walls of Troy, is absolutely not mentioned by Homer. Bayle has remarked this; and Heyne acknowledges the truth of the remark, and thinks that Virgil, for he first mentioned it,

Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros. B. i. v. 483.

adopted the circumstance from some Greek tragedy on the subject. A following line in Virgil, which is indeed taken from Homer, furnishes a noble subject for sculpture:

Tendentemque manus Priamum conspexit inermes. *Warton.*

Mr. Flaxman has executed designs from the Iliad and Odyssey, superior to any thing yet seen, for taste, correctness, and classical beauty. *Bowles.*

A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:

NOTES.

Ver. 194. *A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,*
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.]

Longinus observes, " Notwithstanding which trivial blemishes, I must ever remain in the opinion, that the greater excellencies, these bolder and nobler flights, though perhaps not carried on every where with an equality of perfection, yet merit the prize and preference, by the sole merit of their intrinsic magnificence and grandeur." *Bowles.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 196, &c.]

" There saw I stand on a pillere
" That was of tinned iron cleere,
" The Latin Poet Virgyle,
" That hath bore up of a great while
" The fame of pious Æneas.
" And next him on a pillere was
" Of copper, Venus' clerk Ovide,
" That hath sowen wondrous wide
" The great God of Love's fame—
" Tho saw I on a pillere by
" Of iron wrought full sternly,
" The great Poet Dan Lucan,
" That on his shoulders bore up then
" As hye as that I might see,
" The fame of Julius and Pompee.
" And next him on a pillere stode
" Of sulphur, like as he were wode,
" Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,
" That bare up all the fame of hell," &c. *P.*

The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Compos'd his posture, and his looks sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rent eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian Wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged sire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden ciphers shone.
Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:

NOTES.

Ver. 204. *In living sculpture, &c.*] The capital circumstances of the Æneid are selected with admirable judgment, and delineated with the finest taste. *Wakefield.*

Ver. 210. *Four swans sustain, &c.*] Pindar being seated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The swans are emblems of Poetry, their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games. *Warburton.*

The character of Pindar, as commonly given, seems not to be well understood. We are perpetually told of the boldness and the violence of his transitions; whereas, on a closer inspection, they appear easy and unforced, are closely connected with, and arise appositely from his subject. Even his style has been represented as too swelling and bombast; but, carefully examined, it will appear not to abound with those violent and harsh metaphors, and that profusion of florid epithets, which some of his imitators, who appear not to have read and studied the original, affect to use. One of Pindar's arts, which Lord Bacon has observed, and in which his copiers fail, is the introduction of many moral reflections.

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er the chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.

NOTES.

flections. "Animos hominum, inopinato (says Bacon) sententiolâ aliquâ mirabili, veluti virgulâ divinâ percutit." Gray has most closely studied, and most happily imitated, the manner of Pindar, of all our writers. *Warton.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 224. *Pleas'd, with Alcæus' manly rage, t' infuse*
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.]

This expresses the mixed character of the odes of Horace: the second of these verses alludes to that line of his,

"Spiritum Graiæ tenuem camœnæ."

As another which follows, to

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius."

The action of the Doves hints at a passage in the fourth ode of his third book:

"Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo
"Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
"Ludo fatigatumque somno,
"Fronde nova puerum palumbes
"Texêre; mirum quod foret omnibus—

"Ut

The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
The Doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.
Here in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
And various Animals his sides surround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

NOTES.

Ver. 230. *The Doves*] Surely he might have selected, for the basso relievos about the statue of Horace, ornaments more manly and characteristical of his genius. Among the various views in which the very numerous commentators have considered his odes, they seem to have neglected to remark the dramatic turn he has given to many of them. Witness the prophecy of Nereus, the animated speech of Juno, the speeches of Regulus, and of Europa and her father, and of one of the daughters of Danaus; as also of the boy seized by the witches, and of Canidia herself, in the fifth epode. *Warton.*

IMITATIONS.

" Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
" Dormirem et ursis; ut premerer sacra
" Lauroque collataque myrto,
" Non sine Diis animosus infans."

Which may be thus English'd:

" While yet a child, I chanc'd to stray,
" And in a desert sleeping lay;
" The savage race withdrew, nor dar'd
" To touch the Muses' future bard;
" But Cytherea's gentle dove
" Myrtles and Bays around me spread,
" And crown'd your infant Poet's head,
" Sacred to Music and to Love." *P.*

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman Rostra deck'd the Consul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's Genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.
These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aking sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphire stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne,
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;

NOTES.

Ver. 238. *With equal rays immortal*] This beautiful attitude is copied from a statue in that valuable collection which Lady Pomfret had the generosity lately to present to the University of Oxford. *Warton.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 259. *Scarce seem'd her stature, &c.*]
" Methought that she was so lite,
" That the length of a cubite
" Was longer than she seemed be;
" But thus soon in a while she,
" Herself

But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler Vistas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long isles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:

NOTES.

Ver. 264. *The roofs ascend,*] Extension is certainly a cause of the sublime. The reader feels a pleasure in having his eye carried through a vast length of building, almost to an immensity. Of this kind is a very noble image in one of Milton's Latin poems little attended to; where, with a great reach of fancy, he says, that the original Archetype of Man may be a huge giant, stalking in some remote unknown region of the earth, and lifting his head so high as to be dreaded by the gods:

" Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plagâ
Incedit ingens Hominis Archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput."

Sylvarum, I. p. 517. Poems of Milton.
Bowles.

IMITATIONS.

" Herself tho' wonderly straight,
" That with her feet she the earth reight,
" And with her head she touchyd heav'n." *P.*

Ver. 270. *Beneath, in order rang'd, &c.*]

" I heard about her throne y-sung
" That all the palays walls rung
" So sung the mighty Muse, she
" That cleped is Calliope,
" And her seven sisters eke."— *P.*

With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;
With time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days.
  Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the Temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crouded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crouds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old-age.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 276. *Around these wonders, &c.*]

" I heard a noise approchen blive,
" That far'd as bees done in a hive,
" Against her time of out flying;
" Right such a manere murmuring,
" For all the world it seemed me.
" Tho gan I look about and see
" That there came entring into th' hall,
" A right great company withal;
" And that of sundry regions,
" Of all kind of conditions," &c.— *P.*

Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same:
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merits found,
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.
First at the shrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r.
Long have we sought t'instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For Fame is all we must expect below.
The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies,
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 294. *Some she disgrac'd, &c.*]

" And some of them she granted sone,
" And some she warned well and fair,
" And some she granted the contrair—
" Right as her sister dame Fortune
" Is wont to serve in commune." *P.*

Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame,) but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.
This band dismiss'd, behold another croud
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 318. *The good and just, &c.*]

" Tho came the third companye,
" And gan up to the dees to hye,
" And down on knees they fell anone,
" And saiden: We been everichone
" Folke that han full truely
" Deserved Fame right fully,
" And prayen you it might be knowe
" Right as it is, and forth blowe.
" I grant, quoth she, for now we list
" That your good works shall be wist.
" And yet ye shall have better loos,
" Right in despite of all your foos,
" Than worthy is, and that anone.
" Let now (quoth she) thy trump gone—
" And certes all the breath that went
" Out of his trump's mouth smel'd
" As men a pot of baume held
" Among a basket full of roses——" *P.*

The constant tenour of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of slander sounds;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through every region flies,
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee, (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 328. 338. *behold another croud, &c.—From the black trumpet's rusty, &c.*]

" Therewithal there came anone
" Another huge companye,
" Of good folke—
" What did this Eolus, but he
" Tooke out his trump of brass,
" That fouler than the devil was:
" And gan this trump for to blowe,
" As all the world should overthrowe.
" Throughout every regione
" Went this foul trumpet's soune,
" Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
" When fire is in the powder runne.
" And such a smoke gan out wende,
" Out of the foule trumpet's ende"—&c. *P.*

For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.
Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

NOTES.

Ver. 347. *And swam to empire, &c.*] A noble verse! which probably held out a light to *Gray*, in that passage of genuine sublimity,

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Wakefield.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 356. *Then came the smallest, &c.*]

" I saw anone the fifth route,
" That to this lady gan loute,
" And down on knees anone to fall,
" And to her they besoughten all,
" To hiden their good works eke.
" And said, they yeve not a leke
" For no fame ne such renowne;
" For they for contemplacyoune,
" And Goddess love had it wrought,
" Ne of fame would they ought.
" What, quoth she, and be ye wood?
" And ween ye for to do good,

" And

Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen,
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake.
And live there men, who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath,
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes:
So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from heav'n to hear:
To farthest shores th' Ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

IMITATIONS.

" And for to have it of no fame?
" Have ye despite to have my name?
" Nay, ye shall lien everichone:
" Blowe thy trump, and that anone
" (Quoth she) thou Eolus, I hote,
" And ring these folks works by rote.
" That all the world may of it heare;
" And he gan blow their loos so cleare,
" In his golden clarioune,
" Through the World went the soune,
" All so kindly, and eke so soft,
" That their fame was blown aloft." *P.*

Next these, a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd;
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown Duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.
The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a Lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
Around the shrine, and made the same request:
What! you (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 378. *Next these a youthful train, &c.*] The reader might compare these twenty-eight lines following, which contain the same matter, with eighty-four of Chaucer, beginning thus:

" Tho came the sixth companye,
" And gan faste to Fame cry," &c.

being too prolix to be here inserted. *P.*

Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the croud.
Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On Sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.
This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 406. *Last, those who boast of mighty, &c.*]

" Tho came another companye
" That had y-done the treachery." *P.*

Ver. 418. *This having heard and seen, &c.*] The scene here changes from the Temple of Fame to that of Rumour, which is almost entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow:

" Tho saw I stond in a valey,
" Under the castle fast by
" A house, that Domus Dedali
" That Labyrinthus cleped is,
" Nas made so wonderly I wis,

" Ne

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
Not less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,

IMITATIONS.

" Ne half so queintly y wrought;
" And evermo as swift as thought,
" This queint house about went,
" That never more it still stent—
" And eke this house hath of entrees
" As many as leaves are on trees
" In summer, when they ben grene;
" And in the roof yet men may sene
" A thousand hoels, and well mo
" To letten the soune out go;
" And by day in every tide
" Ben all the doors open wide,
" And by night each one unshet;
" No porter is there one to let,
" No manner tydings in to pace:
" Ne never rest is in that place." *P.*

Ver. 428. *As flames by nature, &c.*] This thought is transferr'd hither out of the third book of *Fame*, where it takes up no less than one hundred and twenty verses, beginning thus:

" Geffray, thou wottest well this," &c. *P.*

Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.
There, various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine, and of store,
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 448. *There, various news I heard, &c.*]

" Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
" Of rest, of labour, of voyages,
" Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
" Of love and hate, accord and strife,
" Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,
" Of hele, of sickness, and lessings,
" Of divers transmutations
" Of estates and eke of regions,
" Of trust, of drede, of jealousy,
" Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
" Of good, or bad government,
" Of fire, and of divers accident."

Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.
  Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd, multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 458. *Above, below, without, within, &c.*]

" But such a grete congregation
" Of folke as I saw roam about,
" Some within, and some without,
" Was never seen, ne shall be eft—
  " And every wight that I saw there
" Rowned everich in others ear
" A new tyding privily,
" Or else he told it openly
" Right thus, and said, Knowst not thou
" That is betide to night now?
" No, quoth he, tell me what?
" And then he told him this and that, &c.
" ——— Thus north and south
" Went every tiding fro mouth to mouth,
" And that encreasing evermo,
" As fire is wont to quicken and go
" From a sparkle sprong amiss,
" Till all the citee brent up is." *P.*

They, flying rumours, gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it, made enlargements too;
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below.
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
Some to remain, and some to perish soon;
Or wane and wax, alternate, like the moon.
Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through the sky.
There, at one passage, oft you might survey,
A lie and truth contending for the way;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 489. *There, at one passage, &c.*]

" And sometime I saw there at once,
" A lesing and a sad sooth saw
" That gonnen at adventure draw

And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent:
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.
While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?
'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

NOTES.

Ver. 497. *While thus I stood, &c.*] The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the addition of a moral to the whole. In Chaucer, he only answers, "he came to see the place;" and the book ends abruptly, with his being surprized at the sight of a man of great authority, and awaking in a fright. *P.*

Ver. 501. *'Tis true, said I, &c.*] This conclusion, in which the poet speaks in his own character, is peculiarly beautiful and appropriate; and the more so, as there is reason to believe it exhibits a faithful picture of his mind at an early period of his life; and whilst it shews that he was, even then, "a candidate for praise," demonstrates that he had already formed those manly and independent principles, with respect to his literary productions, by which he was invariably actuated, and which obtained for him not only a distinguished niche in the "Temple of Fame," but what he still more highly valued, the esteem of the wise and virtuous, and the deserved reputation of a firm, consistent, and honest man.

IMITATIONS.

"Out of a window forth to pace—
"And no man be he ever so wrothe,
"Shall have one of these two, but bothe," &c. *P.*

How vain that second life in others breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign;
Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profest,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase cost so dear a price,
As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still, where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fallen ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays;
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh! grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

"CHAUCER's poem contains great strokes of Gothic imagination, yet bordering often on the most ideal and capricious extravagance. The poet, in a vision, sees a temple of glass:

"In which were more images
Of gold stondinge in sundrie stages,
Sette in more riche tabernacles,
And with perre more pinnacles,
And more curious pourtraituris
And quaint manir of figuris
Of golde work that I sawe evir."

"On the walls of this temple were engraved stories from Virgil's Eneid and Ovid's Epistles.

"Leaving this temple, he sees an eagle, with golden wings, soaring near the sun:

"—— Faste by the sonne on hie
As kennyng myght I with mine eie,
Methought I sawe an egle sore;
But that it semid mochil more,
Then I had any egle seen.
It was of gold, and shone so bright,
That nevir man sawe suche a sight," &c.

"The eagle descends, seizes the poet in his talons, and, mounting again, conveys him to the house of Fame; which is situated, like that of Ovid, between earth and sea. In their passage thither, they fly above the stars; which our author leaves, with clouds, tempests, hail, and snow, far beneath him. This aërial journey is partly copied from Ovid's Phaeton in the chariot of the sun. But the poet apologises for this extravagant fiction, and explains his meaning, by alleging the authority of Boethius; who says, that contemplation may soar, on the wings of philosophy, above every element. He likewise recollects, in the midst of his course, the description of the heavens, given by Marcianus Capella, in his book De Nuptiis Philologiæ et Mercurii, and Alanus in his Anticlaudian. At his arrival in the confines of the house of Fame, he is alarmed with confused murmurs issuing from thence, like distant thunders or billows. This circumstance is also borrowed from Ovid's Temple. He is left by the eagle near the house, which is built of materials bright as polished glass, and stands on a rock of ice of excessive height, and almost inaccessible. All the Southern side of this rock was covered with engravings of the names of famous men, which were perpetually melting away by the heat of the sun. The Northern side of the rock was alike covered with names; but being here shaded from the warmth of the sun, the characters remained unmelted and uneffaced. The structure of the house is thus imagined:

"—— Methoughtin by Sainct Gile,
That all was of stone of berille,
Both of the castle and the toure,
And eke the hall and everie boure:
Without pecis or joynynges,
And many subtill compassynges,

As barbicans and pinnacles,
Imageries and tabernacles,
I sawe, and full eke of windowis
As flakis fallin in great snowis."

"In these lines, and in some others which occur hereafter, the poet perhaps alludes to the many new decorations in architecture, which began to prevail about this time, and gave rise to the florid Gothic style. There are instances of this in his other poems. In his Dreame, printed 1597:

"And of a sute were all the touris,
Subtily carven aftir flouris,—
With many a smal turret hie."

"And in the description of the Palace of Pleasaunt Regarde, in the Assemblie of Ladies:

"Fairir is none, though it were for a king
Devisid wel, and that in every thing;
The towris hie, ful plesante shal ye finde,
With fannis fresh, turning with everie winde.
The chambris, and the palirs of a sorte,
With bay windows, goodlie as may be thought:
As for daunsing or other wise disporte,
The galeries be al right wel ywrought."

"In Chaucer's life, by Anthony Hall, it is not mentioned that he was appointed clerk of the king's works in the palace of Westminster, in the royal manors of Shene, Kenington, Byfleet, and Clapton, and in the mews at Charing.

"Again, in 1380, of the works of St. George's chapel at Windsor, then ruinous. But to return:

"——— All manir of minstrelis,
And jestours that tellyn tales
Both of weping and eke of game."

"That is, those who sung or recited adventures, either tragic or comic, which excited either compassion or laughter. They were accompanied with the most renowned harpers; among which were Orpheus, Arion, Chiron, and the Briton Glaskerion. Behind these were placed, "by many a thousand time twelve," players on various instruments of music. Among the trumpeters are named Joab, Virgil's Misenus, and Theodamus. About these pinnacles were also marshalled the most famous magicians, jugglers, witches,

prophetesses, sorceresses, and professors of natural magic, which ever existed in ancient or modern times; such as Medea, Circe, Calliope, Hermes, Limotheus, and Simon Magus. At entering the hall, he sees an infinite multitude of heralds; on the surcoats of whom, were richly embroidered the armorial ensigns of the most redoubted champions that ever tournayed in Africa, Europe, or Asia. The floor and roof of the hall were covered with thick plates of gold, studded with the costliest gems. At the upper end, on a lofty shrine, made with carbuncle, sate Fame; her figure is like those in Virgil and Ovid. Above her, as if sustained on her shoulders, sate Hercules and Alexander. From the throne to the gates of the hall ran a range of pillars, with respective inscriptions. On the first pillar, made of lead and iron, stood Josephus, the Jewish historian (" that of the Jewis gestis told"), with seven other writers on the same subject. On the second pillar, made of iron, and painted all over with the blood of tygers, stood Statius. On another, higher than the rest, stood Homer, Dares, Phrygius, Livy, Lollius, Guido of Columna, and Geoffry of Monmouth, writers of the Trojan story. On a pillar of " tinnid iron clere," stood Virgil; and next to him, on a pillar of copper, appeared Ovid. The figure of Lucan was placed on a pillar of iron, " wrought full sternly," accompanied with many Roman historians. On a pillar of sulphur, stood Claudian, so symbolised, because he wrote of Pluto and Proserpine:

" That bare up all the fame of hell;
Of Pluto and of Proserpine
That queen is of the darke pine."

" The hall was filled with the writers of ancient tales and romances, whose subjects and names were too numerous to be recounted. In the mean time, crowds from every nation, and of every condition, filled the hall, and each presented his claim to the queen. A messenger is dispatched to summon Eolus from his cave in Thrace, who is ordered to bring his two clarions, called Slander and Praise, and his trumpeter Triton. The praises of each petitioner are then resounded, according to the partial or capricious appointment of Fame; and equal merits obtain very different success. There is much satire and humour in these requests and rewards, and in the disgraces and honours which are indiscriminately distributed by the queen, without discernment and by chance. The poet then enters the house or labyrinth of Rumour. It was

built of sallow twigs, like a cage, and therefore admitted every sound. Its doors were also more numerous than leaves on the trees, and always stood open. These are romantic exaggerations of Ovid's inventions on the same subject. It was, moreover, sixty miles in length, and perpetually turning round. From this house (says the poet) issued tidings of every kind, like fountains and rivers from the sea. Its inhabitants, who were eternally employed in hearing or telling news, together with the rise of reports, and the formation of lies, are then humourously described. The company is chiefly composed of sailors, pilgrims, and pardoners. At length our author is awakened at seeing a venerable personage of great authority; and thus the vision abruptly concludes.

"Pope has imitated this piece with his usual elegance of diction and harmony of versification; but, in the mean time, he has not only misrepresented the story, but marred the character of the poem. He has endeavoured to correct its extravagancies by new refinements and additions of another cast; but he did not consider that extravagancies are essential to a poem of such a structure, and even constitute its beauties. An attempt to unite order and exactness of imagery with a subject formed on principles so professedly romantic and anomalous, is like giving Corinthian pillars to a Gothic palace. When I read Pope's elegant imitation of this piece, I think I am walking among the modern monuments unsuitably placed in Westminster Abbey."

HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY, vol. ii.
T. Warton.

These observations of Mr. Thomas Warton, as far as regards Pope, seem to be founded on a misapprehension of his intention in this poem; which was not to give the modern reader an idea of Chaucer's *House of Fame*, but to write a poem of his own, for the hint of which, and for some occasional passages, he was indebted to his great predecessor. He cannot therefore be said either to have misrepresented the story, or marred the character of Chaucer's poem, much less did he endeavour to correct its extravagancies by new refinements and additions of another cast. On the contrary, he has only selected from Chaucer such materials as seemed most suitable for his purpose, which he has employed with such skill, and has so amalgamated and harmonized, that it would be impossible, without a close examination, to distinguish what passages are taken from Chaucer, and what are originally his own.

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR, THE

MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

The story of January and May, now before us, is of the comic kind; and the character of a fond old dotard, betrayed into disgrace by an unsuitable match, is supported in a lively manner. Pope has endeavoured suitably to familiarize the stateliness of our heroic measure, in this ludicrous narrative; but, after all his pains, this measure is not adapted to such subjects so well as the lines of four feet, or the French numbers of Fontaine. Fontaine is, in truth, the capital and unrivalled writer of comic tales. He generally took his subjects from Boccace, Poggius, and Ariosto; but adorned them with so many natural strokes, with such quaintness in his reflections, and such a dryness and archness of humour, as cannot fail to excite laughter.

Our Prior has happily caught his manner in many of his lighter tales, particularly in Hans Carvel; the invention of which, if its genealogy be worth tracing, is first due to Poggius. It is found in the hundred and thirty-third of his Facetiæ, where it is entitled, Visio Francisci Philelphi; from hence Rabelais inserted it under another title, in his third book and twenty-eighth chapter. It was afterwards related in the book called the Hundred Novels. Ariosto finishes the fifth of his incomparable satires with it. Malespini also made use of it. Fontaine, who imagined Rabelais to be the inventor of it, was the sixth author who delivered it, as our Prior was the last, and perhaps not the least spirited. Of the tale before us, Mr. Tyrwhitt gives the following account: "The scene of the Merchant's Tale is laid in Italy: but none of the names, except Damian and Justin, seem to be Italian, but rather made at pleasure; so that I doubt whether the story be really of Italian growth. The adventure of the Pear-tree I find in a small collection of Latin fables, written by one Adolphus, in elegiac verses of his fashion, in the year 1315. This fable has never been printed but once, and in a book not commonly to be met with.

"Whatever was the real original of this tale, the machinery of the Fairies, which Chaucer has used so happily, was probably added by himself; and indeed I cannot help thinking that his Pluto and Proserpine were the true progenitors of Oberon and Titania, or rather that they themselves have, once at least, deigned to revisit our poetical system under the latter names. "In the History of English Poetry, vol. i. p. 421, this is said to be an old Lombard

story." But many passages in it are evidently taken from the Polycraticon of John of Salisbury. De molestiis et oneribus conjugiorum secundum Hieronymum et alios philosophos. Et de pernicie libidinis. Et de mulieris Ephesinæ et similium fide. And, by the way, about forty verses belonging to this argument are translated from the same chapter of the Polycraticon, in the Wife of Bath's prologue. In the mean time, it is not improbable that this tale might have originally been Oriental. A Persian tale is just published which it extremely resembles; and it has much of the allegory of an Eastern apologue."

The author adds, that the Miller's Tale in Chaucer, excels all his other tales in true and exquisite humour. *Warton.*

JANUARY AND MAY.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wise and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace.
Yet led astray by Venus' soft delights
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.
But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vitious life no more;
Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.

NOTES.

JANUARY AND MAY.] This translation was done at sixteen or seventeen years of age. *P.*

In conformity to our author's own practice, it has been thought proper to insert a portion of the original of Chaucer, that the reader may form a judgment of Pope's alterations: *Warton.*

IMITATIONS.

" Whilom ther was dwelling in Lumbardie
" A worthy knight, that was born in Pavie,
" In which he lived in gret prosperitee;
" And sixty yere a wifles man was he,
" And folwed ay his bodily delit
" On women, ther as was his appetit;

" As

This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heav'nly pow'rs his constant pray'r,
Once, ere he died, to taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.
These thoughts he fortified with reasons still,
For none want reasons to confirm their will.
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To sooth his cares, and free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:

IMITATIONS.

" As done thise fooles that been seculere.
" And whan that he was passed sixty yere,
" Were it for holinesse or for dotage,
" I cannot sain, but swiche a gret corage
" Hadde this knight to ben a wedded man,
" That day and night he doth all that he can
" To espien, wher that he might wedded be;
" Praying our Lord to granten him, that he
" Mighte ones knowen of that blisful lif,
" That is betwix an husban and his wif;
" And for to live under that holy bond,
" With which God firste man and woman bond.
" Non other lif (said he) is worth a bene;
" For wedlock is so esy and so clene,
" That in this world it is a paradise.
" Thus saith this olde knight, that was so wise.

" And

Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join:
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past:
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and heav'n to please;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day:
Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they stile a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;

IMITATIONS.

" And certainly, as soth as God is king,
" To take a wif, it is a glorious thing,
" And namely whan a man is old and hore,
" Than is a wif the fruit of his tresore;
" Than shuld he take a yong wif and a faire,
" On which he might engendren him an heire,
" And lede his lif in joye and in solas,
" Wheras thise bachelors singen alas,
" Whan that they finde any adversitee
" In love, which n'is but childish vanitee.
" And trewely it sit wel to be so,
" That bachelors have often peine and wo:
" On brotel ground they bilde, and brotelnesse
" They finden, whan they wenen sikernesse:
" They live but as a bird or as a beste,
" In libertee and under non areste;

A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our life;
This blessing lasts, (if those who try, say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.
Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unbless'd,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade.

IMITATIONS.

" Ther as a wedded man in his estat
" Liveth a lif blisful and ordinat,
" Under the yoke of mariage ybound:
" Wel may his herte in joye and blisse abound.
" For who can be so buxom as a wif?
" Who is so trewe and eke so ententif
" To kepe him, sike and hole, as is his make?
" For wele or wo she n'ill him not forsake:
" She n'is not wery him to love and serve,
" Though that he lie bedrede til that he sterve.
" And yet some clerkes sain, it is not so,
" Of which he Theophrast is on of tho:
" What force though Theophrast list for to lie?
" Ne take no wif, quod he, for husbondrie,
" As for to spare in household they dispence:
" A trewe servant doth more diligence

" Thy

The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.
A Wife! ah gentle deities, can he,
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son:
Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:
At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.
These weighty motives, January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;

IMITATIONS.

" Thy good to kepe, than doth thin owen wif,
" For she wol claimen half past al hise lif,
" And if that thou be sike, so God me save,
" Thy veray friendes or a trewe knave
" Wol kepe thee bet than she, that waiteth ay
" After thy good, and hath don many a day.
" This sentence, and a hundred thinges werse
" Writeth this man ther God his bones curse.
" But take no kepe of al swiche vanitee,
" Defieth Theophrast, and herkeneth me.
" A wif is goddes yefte verily:
" All other maner yeftes hardely,
" As londes, rentes, pasture, or commune,
" Or mebles, all ben yeftes of fortune,
" That passen as a shadow on the wall;
" But drede thou not, if plainly speke I shal,
" A wif wol last and in thin hous endure,
" Wel lenger than thee list paraventure.

And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
Would try that christian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)
My friends, he cry'd (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke:)
Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And, worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end;
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell;
But gracious Heav'n has ope'd my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.

IMITATIONS.

" Mariage is a ful gret sacrament;
" He which that hath no wif I hold him shent;
" He liveth helples, and all desolat:
" (I speke of folk in secular estat)
" And herkneth why, I say not this for nought,
" That woman is for mannes helpe ywrought.
" The highe God, whan he had Adam maked,
" And saw him al alone belly naked,
" God of his grete goodnesse saide then,
" Let us now make an helpe unto this man
" Like to himself, and than he made him Eve.
" Here may ye see, and hereby may ye preve,
" That a wif is mannes helpe and his comfort,
" His paradis terrestre and his disport:
" So buxom and so vertuous is she,
" They mosten nedes live in unitee:
" O flesh they ben, and O flesh, as I gesse,
" Hath but on herte in wele and in distresse.

" A wif?

But since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one;
Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.
One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old:
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold season Love but treats his guest
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
Those are too wise for bachelors to wed.
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade:

IMITATIONS.

" A wif? a! Seinte Marie, *benedicite*,
" How might a man have any adversite
" That hath a wif? Certes I cannot seye.
" The blisse the which that is betwix hem teweye
" Ther may no tonge tell or herte thinke.
" If he be poure, she helpeth him to swinke;
" She keepeth his good, and wasteth never a del;
" All that her husbond doth, hire liketh wel;
" She saith not ones nay, whan he saith ye;
" Do this, saith he; al redy, Sire, saith she.
" O blissful odre, O wedlock precious,
" Thou art so merry, and eke so vertuous,
" And so commended, and approved eke,
" That every man that holt him worth a leke,
" Upon his bare knees ought all his lif
" Thanken his God, that him hath sent a wif,
" Or elles pray to God him for to send
" A wif, to last unto his lives end.

" For

But young and tender virgins rul'd with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.
  Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then should I live in lewd adultery,
And sink downright to Satan when I die.
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost for which I wed;
To raise up seed to bless the pow'rs above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.
Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life:
Those that are blest with store of grace divine,
May live like saints, by heav'n's consent, and mine.

IMITATIONS.

" For than his life is set in sikernesse,
" He may not be deceived, as I gesse,
" So that he werche after his wives rede;
" Than may he boldly beren up his hede,
" They ben so trewe, and therewithal so wise.
" For which, if thou wilt werchen as the wise,
" Do alway so, as women wol thee rede.
" Lo how that Jacob, as thise clerkes rede,
" By good conseil of his mother Rebekke
" Bound the kiddes skin about his nekke;
" For which his fadres benison he wan.
" Lo Judith, as the storie eke tell can,
" By good conseil she Goddes peple kept,
" And slow him Holofernes while he slept.
" Lo Abigal, by good conseil how she
" Saved hire husband Nabal, whan that he
" Shuld han be slain. And loke, Hester also
" By good conseil delivered out of wo

" The

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part.
Think not my virtue lost, tho' time has shed
These rev'rend honours on my hoary head:
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
The vital sap then rising from below.
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know, to what I stand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.
He said; the rest in diff'rent parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either side:

IMITATIONS.

" The peple of God, and made him Mardochæ
" Of Assuere enhaunsed for to be.
" Ther n'is no thing in gree superlatif
" (As saith Senek) above an humble wif.
" Suffer thy wives tonge, as Caton bit,
" She shal command, and thou shalt suffren it,
" And yet she wol obey of curtesie
" A wif is keper of thin hosbondrie:
" Wel may the sike man bewaile and wepe,
" I warne thee, if wisely thou wilt werche
" Love wel thy wif, as Christ loveth his Cherche:
" If thou lovest thyself, love thou thy wif.
" No man hateth his flesh, but in his lif
" He fostreth it, and therfore bid I thee
" Cherish thy wif, or thou shalt never the.
" Husbond and wif, what so men jasse or play,
" Of worldly folk holden the siker way;
" They ben so knit, ther may non harm betide,
" And namely upon the wives side.

Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wond'rous positive, and wond'rous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the Knight Placebo thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
But, with the wise man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
As still I hold your own advice the best.

Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
And study'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, "Your honour's in the right."
Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise,
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to Man;
At least your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.

Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With rev'rend dullness and grave impotence.
  Justin, who silent sate, and heard the man,
Thus, with a Philosophic frown, began:
  A heathen author, of the first degree,
(Who, tho' not Faith, had Sense as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of gen'rous principles, and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your Lady's qualities at least:
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil;
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in woman-kind;
But if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commend;
And spite of all his praises must declare,
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear:
While all my friends applaud my blissful life,
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;

Demure and chaste as any vestal Nun,
The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
But, by th' immortal powers, I feel the pain,
And he that smarts has reason to complain.
Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,
And cautious sure; for wisdom is in age:
But at these years to venture on the fair!
By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To please a wife, when her occasions call,
Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious sermon here is at an end.
'Tis well, 'tis wond'rous well, the Knight replies,
Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wise!
We, Sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause
To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.
He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:—
What does my friend, my dear Placebo say?
I say, quoth he, by heav'n the man's to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
At this the council rose, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,
The Knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.
Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of Wedlock all his soul employ:
Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possest,
And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;

Whilst fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in some public Forum fix'd on high,
A Mirrour shows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass,
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
This Lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
That was with sense, but not with virtue, blest:
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.
Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:
Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end.
Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
Provides a consort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppose th' election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

NOTES.

Ver. 245. *But ev'ry charm, &c.*] Chaucer is most particular in his description:

"Her *mydle small*, her *armes longe and slender*,
Her wise governaunce, and her gentylnesse,
Her womanly bearyng, and her sadnesse!

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
Chaste, tho' not rich; and tho' not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious heaven so please;
To pass my age in sanctity and ease;
And thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.
One only doubt remains: Full oft, I've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd;
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliss of heav'n above, and earth below.
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill exchang'd for these;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.
This Justin heard, nor could his spleen controul,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all your dread,
Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent,
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One, that may do your business to a hair;

Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!
Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.
So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made.
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
The old have int'rest ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
When fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.
I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:
Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.
And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride.

The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling string.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodomas, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So Poets sing) was present on the place:
And lovely Venus, Goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,
And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry knight:
Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song,
Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of this blissful day;
The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.

The beauteous dame sate smiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her Lord.
Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian King:
Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of May!

The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
Nor envy'd Paris with his Spartan bride;
Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Restless he sate, invoking ev'ry pow'r
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Mean time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.
With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.
Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious Squire,
Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire.
His lovely mistress all his soul possest,
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest:
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him lie; till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.
The weary sun, as learned Poets write,
Forsook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
Then rose the guests; and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.
The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess:
But first thought fit th' assistance to receive,
Which grave Physicians scruple not to give;

Satyrion near, with hot Eringos stood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whose use old Bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
What next ensu'd beseems not me to say;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast;
For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.
But anxious cares the pensive Squire oppress'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell.
Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;
Which writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride,
The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side.
High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
The servants round stood ready at their call.

The Squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sat the gentle May:
Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine,
With secret vows to favour his design.
  Who studies now but discontented May?
On her soft couch uneasily she lay:
The lumpish husband snor'd away the night,
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.
  Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selectest influence from above;
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame
Felt the first motions of an infant flame;
Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick Squire,
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.
Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love!

Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd:
But she, your sex's mirrour, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.
But to my tale: Some sages have defin'd
Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of human-kind:
Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
Deriv'd his high philosophy from those;
For, like a Prince, he bore the vast expense
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence:
His house was stately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;
Priapus could not half describe the grace
(Tho' God of Gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed Romance:
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.
Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
The dapper Elves their moon-light sports pursue:
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,

NOTES.

Ver. 461. *Their pigmy king,*] Pope has here shewn his judgment in adopting the lighter "fairy race" of Shakespear, and Milton. Chaucer has "Kyng Pluto, and his queene, Proserpina."
Bowles.

While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbl'd through the shade.
Hither the noble Knight would oft repair,
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The silver key that lock'd the garden door.
To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat,
He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat;
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May.
For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
The duteous Knight in this fair garden sped.
But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure,
How short a space our worldly joys endure?
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!
O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!
This rich, this am'rous, venerable Knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.
The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
is wife, not suffer'd from his side to stray,
Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.
Full oft in tears did hapless May complain,
And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain:
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
For oh, 'twas fixt; she must possess or die!

Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire.
Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
By secret writing to disclose his pain;
The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.
Ah, gentle Knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail?
'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!
Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.
The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impression to the trusty Squire.
By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.
Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What slight is that, which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing through a wall.
But now no longer from our tale to stray;
It happ'd that once upon a summer's day,
Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play:
He rais'd his spouse ere Matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.
This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret and undescry'd he took his way,
And ambush'd close, behind an arbour lay.
It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.
Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
So may my soul have joy, as thou my wife
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I chuse, by Heav'n above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shewn,
When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor age, nor blindness, rob me of delight.

Each other loss with patience I can bear,
The loss of thee is what I only fear.
  Consider then, my lady and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
Displays his light, by Heav'n it shall be done.
I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, Spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who that once possess'd those heav'nly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms?
  He ceas'd, and May with modest grace reply'd;
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd;)
Heav'n knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
I have a soul to save as well as you;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:
Yet, after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear:

First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive descend;
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well:
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race.
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,
I loath a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to suspect:
Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me?
These doubts and fears of female constancy!
This chime still rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear.
Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,
Where Damian kneeling, worshipp'd as she past:
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace,
And climbing, in the summit took his place;
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

NOTES.

Ver. 588. *Sew'd in a sack, &c.*] "Infidelity in women is a "subject of the severest crimination among the Turks. When any "of these miserable girls are apprehended, for the first time they "are put to hard labour, &c. but for the second, they are recom- "mitted, and many at a time *tied up in sacks*, and taken in a boat "to the Seraglio-Point, where they are *thrown into the tide.*"—Dallaway's Constantinople. *Bowles.*

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heav'nly progress through the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields:
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields:
Clear was the day, and Phœbus rising bright,
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light;
He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.
It so befel, in that fair morning tide,
The Fairies sported on the garden side,
And in the midst their Monarch and his Bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights so nimbly o'er the green-sward bound,
That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of rising green,
Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen,
'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man:
A thousand Authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.
Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun:
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said: Of all mankind,
One only just, and righteous, hope to find:

But should'st thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.
Thus says the King who knew your wickedness;
The son of Sirach testifies no less.
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all;
As well you view the leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you see:
But since he's blind and old (a helpless case)
His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.
Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong.
I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
And, in the very act, restore his sight:
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these Ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.
And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age;
Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;

Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.
What tho' this slander'ous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiser wits of later times declare,
How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are:
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.
But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone
Who only Is, and is but only One.
But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that Solomon has said?
What tho' this King (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts;
He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for Idol gods, or more.
Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank letcher and idolater;
Whose reign indulgent God, says Holy Writ,
Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
David, the monarch after Heaven's own mind,
Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.
Well, I'm a Woman, and as such must speak;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.

By Heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.
Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth:
I yield it up; but since I gave my oath,
That this much injur'd Knight again should see;
It must be done—I am a King, said he,
And one whose faith has ever sacred been—
And so has mine (she said)—I am a Queen:
Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all dispute I make.
Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word.
We leave them here in this heroic strain,
And to the Knight our story turns again;
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the Cuckoo or the Jay:
This was his song; "Oh kind and constant be,
"Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."
Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
By easy steps, to where the Pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love,
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She stopp'd, and sighing: Oh good Gods, she cry'd,
What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side?
Oh for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
Help, for the love of Heav'n's immortal Queen;
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!

Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
What could, alas! a helpless husband do?
And must I languish then, she said, and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.
With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.
Now prove your patience, gentle Ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd;
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I pass as gambols never known to you;
But sure it was a merrier fit she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring Knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:

He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there!
What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd;
Is this your love, ungrateful, and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a man upon a Tree?
Did I for this the pow'r of Magic prove?
Unhappy Wife, whose crime was too much love!
If this be struggling, by this holy light,
Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight);
So Heav'n preserve the sight it has restor'd,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.
Guard me, good angels! cry'd the gentle May,
Pray Heav'n this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:
So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.
What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,
For by th' immortal pow'rs it *seem'd* too plain—
By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,
(Reply'd the dame) are these the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!
She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,

And as they fell she wip'd from either eye
The drops (for women, when they list, can cry).
The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd:
Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er!
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more;
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
By Heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw,
Ah, my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)
On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
But till your sight's established, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day:
So just recov'ring from the shades of night,
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before your sight.
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem!
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.
With that she leap'd into her Lord's embrace
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.

He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife and a believing spouse.

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.

THE first dawnings of polite literature in Italy are found in tale-writing and fables.

To produce, and carry on with probability and decorum, a series of events, is the most difficult work of invention; and if we were minutely to examine the popular stories of every nation, we should be amazed to find how few circumstances have been ever invented. Facts and events have been indeed varied and modified; but totally new facts have not been created. The writers of the old romances, from whom Ariosto and Spenser have borrowed so largely, are supposed to have had copious imaginations; but may they not be indebted, for their invulnerable heroes, their monsters, their enchantments, their gardens of pleasure, their winged steeds, and the like, to the Echidna, to the Circe, to the Medea, to the Achilles, to the Syrens, to the Harpies, to the Phryxus, and the Bellerophon, of the ancients? The cave of Polypheme might furnish out the ideas of their giants, and Andromeda might give occasion for stories of distressed damsels on the point of being devoured by dragons, and delivered at such a critical season by their favourite Knights. Some faint traditions of the ancients might have been kept glimmering and alive during the whole barbarous ages, as they are called; and it is not impossible but these have been the parents of the Genii in the Eastern, and the Fairies in the Western world. To say that Amadis and Sir Tristan have a classical foundation, may, at first sight, appear paradoxical; but if the subject were examined to the bottom, I am inclined to think, that the wildest chimeras in those books of chivalry, with which Don

Quixote's library was furnished, would be found to have a close connection with ancient mythology.

We of this nation have been remarkably barren in our inventions of facts; we have been chiefly borrowers in this species of composition, as the plots of our most applauded tragedies and comedies may witness, which have generally been taken from the novels of the Italians and Spaniards. *Warton.*

In the art of telling a story in verse, Pope is peculiarly happy; we almost forget the grossness of the subject of this tale, while we are struck by the uncommon ease and readiness of the verse, the suitableness of the expressions, and the spirit and happiness of the whole.

I think Dr. Warton injudiciously censures the verse, which appears to me to be very suitably employed.

Pope has introduced triplets in many places, no doubt for greater effect, which they certainly have. There is generally two together, ended with an Alexandrine; this is common in Dryden's fables, on which Pope evidently formed his style in these narrative pieces.

The mixture of classical and gothic imagery, such as Chaucer uses, in making Pluto and Proserpine (instead of spirits, like Oberon and Titania) the king and queen of the "yellow-skirted Fays," is very common in our early Poets, who derived the combination from the old romances, and Ovid. Jason and Hercules, in Lydgate, are received with all the honours of the old Knights of Chivalry, at the Castle of the King of Colchis:

———" This mighty man Jason
Assigned was by the King anon,
For to settle at his own borde,
And Hercules, that was so great a Lord,
Was sette also by his side."——

But the most curious assemblage of dissimilar imagery is, where the fairies are introduced in Milton to attend the *Personages* of Aristotle's *ten Categories:*

" Good luck befriend thee, Son, for at thy birth,
The *fairy ladies* danc'd upon the hearth."

See Warton's Milton, p. 312.
Bowles.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

HER PROLOGUE.

FROM CHAUCER.

The Wife of Bath is the other piece of Chaucer which Pope selected to imitate. One cannot but wonder at his choice, which perhaps nothing but his youth could excuse. Dryden, who is known not to be nicely scrupulous, informs us, that he would not versify it on account of its indecency. Pope, however, has omitted or softened the grosser and more offensive passages. Chaucer afforded him many subjects of a more sublime and serious species; and it were to be wished Pope had exercised his pencil on the pathetic story of the patience of Grisilda, or Troilus and Cressida, or the Complaint of the Black Knight; or, above all, on Cambuscan and Canace. From the accidental circumstance of Dryden and Pope's having copied the gay and ludicrous parts of Chaucer, the common notion seems to have arisen, that Chaucer's vein of poetry was chiefly turned to the light and the ridiculous. But they who look into Chaucer will soon be convinced of this prevailing prejudice, and will find his comic vein, like that of Shakespear, to be only like one of mercury, imperceptibly mingled with a mine of gold.

Mr. Hughes withdrew his contributions to a volume of Miscellaneous Poems, published by Steele, because this prologue was to be inserted in it.

"The want of a few lines," says Mr. Tyrwhitt, "to introduce The Wife of Bath's Prologue, is perhaps one of those defects which Chaucer would have supplied, if he had lived to finish his work. The extraordinary length of it, as well as the vein of pleasantry that runs through it, is very suitable to the character of the speaker. The greatest part must have been of Chaucer's own invention, though one may plainly see that he had been reading the popular invectives against marriage, and women in general; such as the Roman de la Rose, Valerius ad Rufinum de non ducendâ uxore, and particularly Hieronymus contra Jovinianum. The holy Father, by way of recommending celibacy, has exerted all his learning and eloquence (and he certainly was not deficient in either) to collect together and aggravate whatever he could find to the prejudice of the female sex. Among other things he has inserted his own translation (probably) of a long extract from what he calls, Liber aureolus Theophrasti de nuptiis. Next to him in order of

time was the treatise, entitled, Epistola Valerii ad Rufinum de non ducendâ uxore, ms. Reg. 12. D. iii. It has been printed (for the similarity of its sentiments I suppose) among the works of St. Jerome, though it is evidently of a much later date. Tanner (from Wood's MSS. Collection) attributes it to Walter Map. (Bib. Brit. v. Map.) I should not believe it to be older; as John of Salisbury, who has treated of the same subject in his Polycrat. l. viii. c. xi. does not appear to have seen it. To these two books Jean de Meun has been obliged for some of the severest strokes in his Roman de la Rose; and Chaucer has transfused the quintessence of all the three works (upon the subject of matrimony) into his Wife of Bath's Prologue and Merchant's Tale." *Warton.*

THE WIFE OF BATH.

FROM CHAUCER.*

Behold the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think for once, a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part,
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;

NOTES.

* I have a curious book, entitled, A Commentary upon the Two Tales of our ancient, renowned, and ever-living Poet, Sir JEFFREY CHAUCER, Knight; who, for his *rich fancy, pregnant invention,* and *present composure,* deserved the countenance of a Prince, and of his laureat honours: THE MILLER'S TALE; and THE WIFE OF BATH. Printed by William Godbid, and to be sold by Peter Dring at the Sun, in the Poultry, near the Rose tavern. 1665.

The Author in the Dedication signs himself R. B.; and in the advertisement says,

"This comment was an essay whereto the author was importuned by *persons of quality,* to compleat with *brief, pithy,* and *proper illustrations,* suitable to the subject!"

It appears from it, that the character of Chaucer was not well understood by the age in which this book was written; as it appears the Comment was undertaken to point out the humourous and truly comic talent of our ancient bard, which was not at the time appreciated. A short specimen will suffice:

"Of five husbands scolynge am I
Welcome the sixth whenever he shall dy.

"The

For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.
Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:

NOTES.

"The thought is taken: all flesh is mortal; but of all flesh she "would have none *more mortal* than her husband's. She would "ever have her aged husband's look like Death's head; meantime "her sage admonitions are never wanting to bid him *remember his* "*end.* Life is a trouble, but of all others she is most troubled "with *his* life. Thus dictates she of her husband's pilgrimage; "which by how much the shorter, it is for her all the better," &c.

However trifling such things may appear, I mention them, to shew the light in which Chaucer's character was held at the time: and I shall add a few words from the Appendix, to shew the Author's good sense.

"Appendix to Comments.

"After such time as the AUTHOR, upon the instancy of sundry "persons of quality, had finished his Comments upon these Two "TALES, the perusal of them begot that influence over the clear "and weighty judgements of the strictest and rigidest Censors; as "their high approvement of them induced their importunity to "the AUTHOR to go on with the rest, as he had successfully done "with these two first: ingeniously protesting, that they had not "read any subject discoursing by way of ILLUSTRATION, and running "DESCANT, on such light, but HARMLESS fancies, more handsomely "couched, or modestly shadowed. All which, though urgently "pressed, could make no impression on the AUTHOR, for his defi-"nite answer was this, That his age, without any other appellant, "might render his apology; and privilege him from COMMENTING "on CONCEPTIONS, being never so pregnant, being *interveined* with "levity; saying,

"Of such light toys hee'd ta'n a long adieu." *Bowles.*

Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd;
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.
"Encrease and multiply," was Heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, "Let men their sires and mothers leave,
"And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.
I've had myself full many a merry fit;
And trust in Heav'n I may have many yet.
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
The same Apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for Virginity he found:
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.
I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint or vice;
I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those:
Not every man's oblig'd to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;

Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, Divines, so am not I.
Full many a Saint, since first the world began,
Liv'd an unspotted maid, in spite of man:
Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley-bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heav'n,
And use the copious talent it has giv'n:
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.
Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest, without much loss, I could resign.
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more Pleasure far than they had Ease.
Presents flow'd in apace: with show'rs of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.
Ye sov'reign wives! give ear, and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
For never was it giv'n to mortal man,
To lie so boldly as we women can:
Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry, Wives are false, and every woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,
Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetic,
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side:
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so grey, but soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.
Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake;

Then, not till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!
If by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd,
Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid:
And endless treats, and endless visits paid,
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st, are lies.
On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair;
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.
Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool; nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.
One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will,
"Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:
"Take all the freedoms of a marry'd life;
"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."

Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare?
Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay:
The Cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun;
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
To show her furr, and to be catterwaw'd.
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable sires.
I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do,
And told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;
And swore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace.
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.

By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
I levied first a tax upon his need:
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces, curses oft I mixt,
Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sat at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,
" Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look?
" Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek;
" Thou should'st be always thus resign'd and meek!
" Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
" Well should you practise, who so well can teach.
" 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
" But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
" Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
" Who puts a period to domestic strife.

" One of us two must rule, and one obey;
" And since in man right reason bears the sway,
" Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
" The wives of all my family have rul'd
" Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
" Fye, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;
" What! would you have me to yourself alone?
" Why take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!
" Here's your Revenge! you love it at your heart.
" Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
" You little think what custom I could have.
" But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame!
" What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."

Thus with my first three Lords I past my life;
A very woman, and a very wife.
What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
Tho' past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pye.
In country dances still I bore the bell,
And sung as sweet as ev'ning Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as sure as cold ingenders hail,
A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail;
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.

But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true!
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two:
But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say,
Not with my body, in a filthy way:
But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;
And view'd a friend, with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry,
With burning rage, and frantick jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.
How sore I gall'd him, only heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He died, when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from Jerusalem;
And now lies buried underneath a Rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.
A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where inshrin'd the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.

The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bless the good man's soul, I say no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best;
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting rest)
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provision cheap.
In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one dame Alison,
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish Priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my husband piss'd against a wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.
It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went;
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
From house to house we rambled up and down,

This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
Visits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,
And march'd in ev'ry holy Masquerade,
The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept;
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At Sermons too I shone in scarlet gay,
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;
The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day.
'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
This Clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I still have shifts against a time of need:
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him,
If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretel, as learned men have shown:
All this I said; but dreams, Sirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lye—and twenty more.
Thus day by day, and month by month we past;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.

Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
The good man's coffin to the church was born;
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk, to mourn.
But as he march'd, good Gods! he show'd a pair
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!
Of twenty winters' age he seem'd to be;
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame.
A conj'ror once, that deeply could divine,
Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!
Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace,
And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,
I follow'd, always, my own inclination.
But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song, we kept the nuptial day.
All I possess'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, house, and land:
But oft repented, and repent it still;
He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will:
Nay, once, by Heav'n! he struck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge, yourselves, the case.
Stubborn as any lioness was I,
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so, in spite of all he swore.

He, against this, right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes;
Tell, how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And close the sermon, as beseem'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft would he say, who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap, and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for, whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.
My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatise, oft, at ev'ning, read,
Where divers authors (whom the dev'l confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's loves,
And many more than sure the Church approves.
More legends were there, here, of wicked wives,
Than good, in all the Bible and Saints-lives.
Who drew the lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a man.
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets, ere Mercury can rise.

Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpose now.)
  It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
How the first female (as the scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe:
How Sampson fell; and he, whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire:
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid:
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame,
And husband-bull—oh monstrous! fie for shame!
  He had by heart, the whole detail of woe,
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
How many piss-pots on the sage she threw;
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
" Rain follows thunder:" that was all he said.
  He read how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant (replied the friend) oh! where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And, in my garden, planted shall it be.

Then, how two wives their lords' destruction prove;
Through hatred one, and one through too much love;
That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this, for lust, an am'rous philtre bought:
The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How some, with swords, their sleeping lords have slain,
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd;
But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And, with one buffet, fell'd him on the floor.
With that, my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me, with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cried)
Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face;
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd and cried, Adieu, my dear, adieu!
But, after many a hearty struggle past,
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,
Do what you list, the term of all your life:

I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now Heav'n, on all my husbands gone, bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!

The lines of Pope, in the piece before us, are spirited and easy, and have, properly enough, a free colloquial air. One passage I cannot forbear quoting, as it acquaints us with the writers who were popular in the time of Chaucer. The jocose old woman says, that her husband frequently read to her out of a volume that contained:

"Valerius, whole; and of Saint Jerome, part;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïsa's loves;
With many more than sure the Church approves."

Ver. 359.

Pope has omitted a stroke of humour; for, in the original, she naturally mistakes the rank and age of St. Jerome; the lines must be transcribed:

"Yclepid Valerie and Theophrast,
At which boke he lough alway full fast;
And eke there was a clerk sometime in Rome,
A cardinal, that hightin St. Jerome,
That made a boke agenst Jovinian,
In which boke there was eke Tertullian,
Chrysippus, Trotula, and Helowis,
That was an abbess not ferr fro Paris,
And eke the Parables of Solomon,
Ovid'is art, and bokis many a one."

In the library, which Charles V. founded in France, about the year 1376, among many books of devotion, astrology, chemistry, and romance, there was not one copy of Tully to be found, and no Latin poet but Ovid, Lucan, and Boethius; some French translations of Livy, Valerius Maximus, and St. Austin's City of God. He placed these in one of the towers, called The Tower of the Library. This was the foundation of the present magnificent royal library at Paris.

The tale, to which this is the prologue, has been versified by Dryden, and is supposed to have been of Chaucer's own invention; as is the exquisite Vision of the Flower and the Leaf, which has received a thousand new graces from the spirited and harmonious Dryden. It is to his Fables, (next to his Music Ode,) written when he was above seventy years old, that Dryden will chiefly owe his immortality; and among these, particularly to the well-conducted tale of Palamon and Arcite, the pathetic picture of Sigismunda, the wild and terrible graces of Theodore and Honoria, and the sportive pleasantry of Cymon and Iphigenia.

These pieces of Chaucer were not the only ones that were versified by Pope. Mr. Harte assured me, that he was convinced by some circumstances which Fenton, his friend, communicated to him, that Pope wrote the characters that make the introduction to the Canterbury Tales, published under the name of Betterton.

Warton.

IMITATIONS

OF

ENGLISH POETS.

DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS YOUTH.

These imitations of the English Poets, most of which were the productions of a very early age, are valuable and curious, as they serve to shew how soon the author perceived, and how deeply he felt, the impressions communicated by poetical composition. Had this not been the case, it would have been impossible for him to have reflected back, as it were, not only the form of expression, but the turn of thought, of the authors he has imitated; some of whom he has at least equalled in their own style, if not excelled. Under this point of view, it is impossible to approve of the remarks of some of his commentators, who affect to be disgusted at the indecency of these pieces, which were published by Warburton; whilst they have not scrupled to bring before their readers productions attributed to Pope, of a much more indecorous nature, which Warburton had properly rejected. That there are passages, in Chaucer, as objectionable, and in Spenser, as indelicate, as those which have been so fastidiously reprobated, will not be denied; and why these sportive and characteristic sketches should be brought to so severe an ordeal, and pointed out to the reprehension of the reader as gross and disagreeable, dull and disgusting, it is not easy to perceive.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

I.

CHAUCER.

Women ben full of ragerie,
Yet swinken nat sans secresie.
Thilke moral shall ye understond,
From schoole-boy's tale of fayre Irelond:
Which to the fennes hath him betake,
To filche the gray ducke fro the lake.
Right then, there passen by the way,
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway.
Ducke in his trowses hath he hent,
Not to be spied of ladies gent.
" But ho! our nephew, (crieth one)
" Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;"
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This sely clerk full low doth lout:
They asken that, and talken this,
" Lo here is Coz, and here is Miss."
But, as he glozeth with speeches soote,
The ducke sore tickleth his erse roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest.
Te-he, cry'd ladies; clerke not spake:
Miss star'd; and gray ducke crieth Quaake.
" O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter)
" Be thilke same thing maids longer a'ter?
" Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
" Then trust on mon, whose yerde can talke."

II.

SPENSER.

He that was unacquainted with Spenser, and was to form his ideas of the turn and manner of his genius from this piece, would undoubtedly suppose that he abounded in filthy images, and excelled in describing the lower scenes of life. But the characteristics of this sweet and allegorical poet, are not only strong and circumstantial imagery, but tender and pathetic feeling, a most melodious flow of versification, and a certain pleasing melancholy in his sentiments, the constant companion of an elegant taste, that casts a delicacy and grace over all his compositions. To imitate Spenser, on a subject that does not partake of the pathos, is not giving a true representation of him; for he seems to be more awake and alive to all the softnesses of nature, than almost any writer I can recollect.

Warton.

The above remarks seem scarcely to be called for, on the present occasion. Pope was as well aware as any one, of the superlative beauties and merits of Spenser, whose works he assiduously studied, both in his early and riper years; but it was not his intention, in these few lines, to give a *serious* imitation of him. All that he attempted was to show how exactly he could apply the language and manner of Spenser to low and burlesque subjects; and in this he has completely succeeded. To compare these lines, as Dr. Warton has done, with those more extensive and highly finished productions, the *Castle of Indolence* by Thomson, and the *Minstrel* of Beattie, is manifestly unjust.

II.

SPENSER.

THE ALLEY.

I.

In ev'ry town, where Thamis rolls his tyde,
A narrow pass there is, with houses low;
Where ever and anon, the stream is ey'd,
And many a boat, soft sliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall:
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets, to catch the scaly fry;
Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbourhood, I ween.

III.

The snappish cur (the passenger's annoy)
Close at my heel, with yelping treble, flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries;
The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes, the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base
are drown'd.

NOTES.

Ver. 27. There is an assemblage of disgusting and disagreeable sounds in the above stanza, which, one is almost tempted to think, if it were possible, had been contrived as a contrast, or rather as a burlesque, of a most exquisite stanza in the Fairy Queen. The very turn of these numbers bears the closest resemblance with the following, which are, of themselves, a complete concert of the most delicious music:

" The joyous birds, shrouded in chearful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet,
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet,
With the base murmure of the water's fall;
The water's fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all."

These images, one would have thought, were peculiarly calculated to have struck the fancy of our young imitator with so much admiration, as not to have suffered him to make a kind of travesty of them. *Warton.*

That Pope intended to parody the lines of Spenser is apparent, and he has done it in a manner not less striking and characteristic, in its way, than the original. How these lines can be a *contrast* to the musical stanza of Spenser, and, at the same time, bear *the closest resemblance* to it, it is not easy to discover.

IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who, in her early days,
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch;
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a magpie, chatters,
With Envy (spitting cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

NOTES.

Ver. 30. *Baskets of fish.*] How different from those enchanting imitations of Spenser, the Castle of Indolence and the Minstrel. *Warton.*

Ver. 36. The above personages of Obloquy, Slander, Envy, and Malice, are not marked with any distinct attributes. They are not those living figures, whose attitudes and behaviour Spenser has minutely drawn, with so much clearness and truth, that we behold them with our eyes, as plainly as we do on the ceiling of the Banquetting-house. For, in truth, the pencil of Spenser is as powerful as that of Rubens, his brother-allegorist; which two artists resembled each other, in many respects; but Spenser had more grace, and was as warm a colourist. *Warton.*

It is scarcely candid to say that Pope's allegorical personages are not marked by distinctive attributes and behaviour. Obloquy was a *Billingsgate* fishwoman, surrounded by the articles in which she had dealt; Slander chatters like a magpye; Envy spits like a cat; Malice clatters like a cur; and Envy tears her neighbours' clothes in tatters. A more characteristic, concise, and, at the same time, poetical passage, will not frequently be met with, even in Spenser himself.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand,
Her mouth was black, as bull-dog's at the stall:
She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue, her answer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call:
Yea, when she passes by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch:
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch;
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meand'ring streams, and Windsor's
tow'ry pride.

III.

WALLER.

Pope has imitated Waller, with elegance, especially in the verses on a Fan of his own design; for he designed with dexterity and taste.

The application of the story of Cephalus and Procris is as ingenious as Waller's Phœbus and Daphne. Waller abounds, perhaps to excess, in allusions to mythology and the ancient classics.

Warton.

III.

WALLER.

ON A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

FAIR Charmer, cease! nor make your voice's prize
A heart, resign'd, the conquest of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threat'ned vessel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
We were too blest with these enchanting lays,
Which must be heav'nly, when an angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heav'nly music should be heard, alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he:
A poet made the silent wood pursue,
This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

On a FAN *of the Author's design, in which was painted the story of* CEPHALUS *and* PROCRIS, *with the Motto* AURA VENI.

COME, gentle Air! th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle Air! the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.

COWLEY.

In the imitation of Cowley, in two pieces, on a Garden, and on Weeping, Pope has properly enough, in conformity to his original, extorted some moral, or darted forth some witticism on every object he mentions. It is not enough to say, that the laurels sheltered the fountain from the heat of the day; but this idea must be accompanied with a conceit:

> "Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,
> Still from Apollo vindicates her shade."

The flowers that grow on the water-side could not be sufficiently described without saying, that

> "The pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
> Transformed, gazes on himself again."

In the lines on a Lady Weeping, you might expect a touching picture of beauty in distress; you will be disappointed. Wit, on the present occasion, is to be preferred to tenderness; the babe in her eye is said to resemble Phaeton so much,

> "That heav'n the threat'ned world to spare,
> Thought fit to drown him in her tears;
> Else might th' ambitious nymph aspire
> To set, like him, the world on fire."

Let not this strained affectation of striving to be witty upon all occasions be thought exaggerated, or a caricature of Cowley. It is painful to censure a writer of so amiable a mind, such integrity of manners, and such a sweetness of temper. His fancy was brilliant, strong, and sprightly; but his taste false and unclassical, even though he had much learning. In his Latin compositions, his six books on plants, where the subject might have led him to a contrary practice, he imitates Martial rather than Virgil, and has given us more epigrams than descriptions.

Pope, in one of his imitations of Horace, has exhibited the real character of Cowley with delicacy and candour:

> "Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
> His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
> Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,
> But still I love the language of his heart." *Warton.*

IV.

COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my Muse the flow'ry Treasures sing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where op'ning Roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft Carnations show'r their balmy dews;
Where Lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin Undress of superficial Light,
And vary'd Tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
Each painted flowret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compose,
And mount the Hill in venerable rows:
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's Hope, and its expected shade.
Here Orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join,
Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play,
By Laurels shielded from the piercing day:
Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,

Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the Stream.
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midst of Winter stays,
And Winter's Coolness spite of Summer's rays.

WEEPING.

While Celia's Tears make sorrow bright,
  Proud Grief sits swelling in her eyes;
The Sun, next those the fairest light,
  Thus from the Ocean first did rise:
And thus through Mists we see the sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
  Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one Cloud soft show'rs we view,
  And blasting lightnings burst away.
The Stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that sunny Sphere
  So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to spare,
  Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
Else might th' ambitious Nymph aspire,
To set, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

V.

E. OF ROCHESTER.

The verses on Silence are a sensible imitation of the Earl of Rochester's on Nothing; which piece, together with his Satire on Man from the fourth of Boileau, and the tenth Satire of Horace, (which in truth is excellent,) are the only pieces of this profligate Nobleman which modesty or common sense will allow any man to read. Rochester had much energy in his thoughts and diction; and though the ancient Satirists often use great liberty in their expressions, yet, as the ingenious Historian* observes, "Their freedom no more resembles the licence of Rochester, than the nakedness of an Indian does that of a common prostitute."

Pope, in this imitation, has discovered a fund of solid sense, and just observation upon vice and folly, that are very remarkable in a person so extremely young as he was at the time of composing it. I believe, on a fair comparison with Rochester's lines, it will be found, that although the turn of the Satire be copied, yet it is excelled. That Rochester should write a Satire on Man, I am not surprized; it is the business of the libertine to degrade his species, and debase the dignity of human nature, and thereby destroy the most efficacious incitements to lovely and laudable actions. But that a writer of Boileau's purity of manners should represent his kind in the dark and disagreeable colours he has done, with all the malignity of a discontented Hobbist, is a lamentable perversion of fine talents, and is a real injury to society. It is a fact worthy the attention of those who study the history of learning, that the gross licentiousness and applauded debauchery of Charles the Second's court proved almost as pernicious to the progress of polite literature and the fine arts, that began to revive after the Grand Rebellion, as the gloomy superstition, the absurd cant, and formal hypocrisy, that disgraced this nation during the usurpation of Cromwell. *Warton.*

* Hume's History of Great Britain, vol. ii. p. 434.

V.

E. OF ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity;
Thou wert, ere Nature's self began to be,
'Twas one vast Nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy Human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain;
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wishing dame;
The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But could'st thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How Church and State should be oblig'd to thee?
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'st thou be?

XI.

Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws,
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy Laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are best by thee express'd; and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

VI.

E. OF DORSET.

"If one turns to the authors of the last age for the character of this Lord, one meets with nothing but encomiums on his wit and good-nature. He was the finest gentleman in the voluptuous court of Charles the Second, and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his first master, or his cotemporaries, Buckingham and Rochester; without the royal want of feeling, the Duke's want of principles, or the Earl's want of thought. The latter said with astonishment, "That he did not know how it was, but Lord Dorset might do any thing, and yet was never to blame!" It was not that he was free from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderness of it too, which made every body excuse whom every body loved; for even the asperity of his verses seems to have been forgiven to

"The best-good man, with the worst-natured muse."

"This line is not more familiar than Lord Dorset's own poems to all who have a taste for the beauties of natural and easy verse, or than his Lordship's own bon-mots, of which I cannot help repeating one of singular humour: Lord Craven was a proverb for officious whispers to men in power. On Lord Dorset's promotion, King Charles having seen Lord Craven pay his usual tribute to him, asked the former what the latter had been saying? The Earl replied gravely, "Sir, my Lord Craven did me the honour to whisper, but I did not think it good manners to listen." When he was dying, Congreve, who had been to visit him, being asked how he had left him, replied, "Faith, he slabbers more wit than other people have in their best health."

"His Lordship and Waller are said to have assisted Mrs. Catherine Philips in her translation of Corneille's Pompey."

Walpole, Royal and Noble Authors, vol. ii. p. 95.

Warton.

VI.

E. OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

Tho' Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
  Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
  And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness, and so much pride,
  Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
  That lies and stinks in state.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Tho' Artemisia.*] By Artemisia, Pope has been thought to have meant Queen Caroline. It certainly bears in many points a resemblance, but coloured by spleen. She became corpulent; and Mr. Coxe observes, "Her levees were a strange picture of the motley character and manners of a Queen and learned woman. She received company while at her toilette—learned men and divines were intermixed with courtiers and ladies of the household. The conversation turned upon metaphysical subjects, blended with the tittle-tattle of the drawing-room."—Coxe's Memoirs.

It ought not to be omitted, that notwithstanding Pope's general sarcasms, she was a most exemplary, sensible, prudent, and amiable woman, as is clearly proved by Mr. Coxe. *Bowles.*

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;
  All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
  And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white
A prating thing, a Magpye hight,
  Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
  All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
Open she was, and unconfin'd,
Like some free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And Agents from each foreign state,
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good-breeding such,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her:
To all obliging she'd appear:
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
'Twas *S'il vous plaist, Monsieur.*

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length she turns a bride:
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those Insects fair
(Which curious Germans hold so rare)
Still vary shapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

VII.

DR. SWIFT.

The point of the likeness in this imitation consists in describing the objects as they really exist in life, like Hogarth's paintings, without heightening or enlarging them, by any imaginary circumstances. In this way of writing Swift excelled; witness his description of a Morning in a City Shower, of the House of Baucis and Philemon, and the verses on his own Death. In this also consists the chief beauty of Gay's *Trivia;* a subject Swift desired him to write upon, and for which he furnished him with many hints. The character of Swift has been scrutinized in so many late writings, particularly by Hawksworth and Sheridan, that it is superfluous to enter upon it. Voltaire affirms, "that the famous *Tale of a Tub*, is an imitation of the old story of the Three Invisible Rings, which a father bequeathed to his three children." These three rings were the Jewish, Christian, and Mahometan religions. It is, moreover, an imitation of the history of Mero and Enegu, by Fontenelle. Mero was the anagram of Rome, and Enegu of Geneva. These two sisters claimed the succession to the throne of their fathers. Mero reigned first. Fontenelle represents her as a sorceress, who could convey away bread, and perform acts of conjuration with dead bodies. This is precisely the Lord Peter of Swift, who presents a piece of bread to his two brothers, and says to them, "This, my good friends, is excellent burgundy, these partridges have an admirable flavour!" The same Lord Peter, in Swift, performs throughout the very part that Mero plays in Fontenelle. Thus all is imitation. The idea of the Persian letters is taken from the Turkish Spy. Boiardo has imitated Pulci; Ariosto has imitated Boiardo. The geniuses, apparently most original, borrow from each other. *Warton.*

VII.

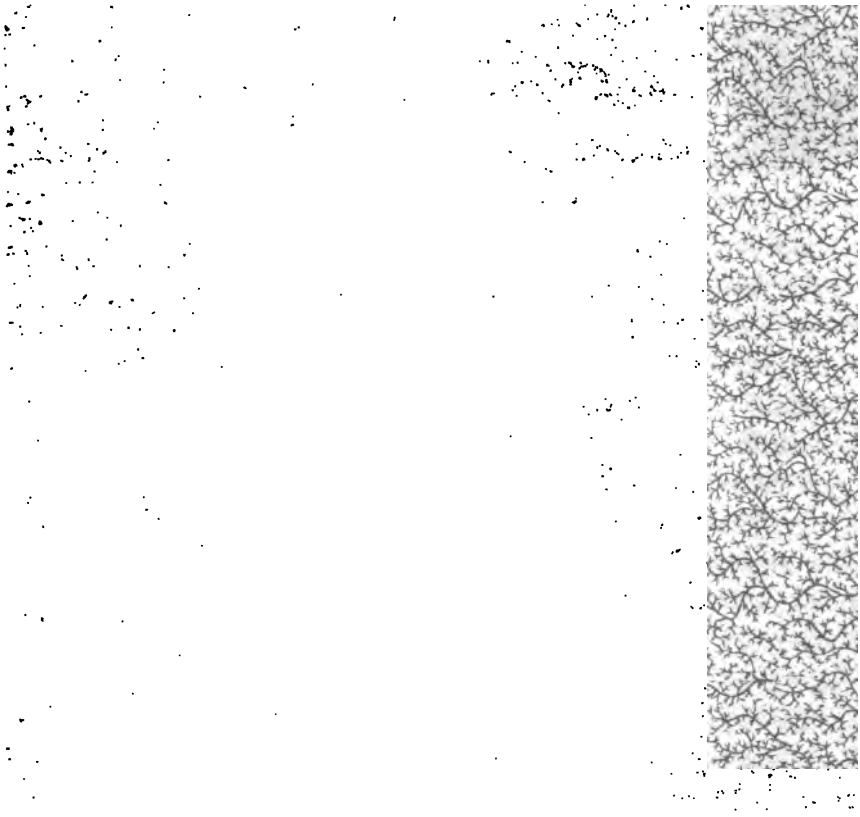
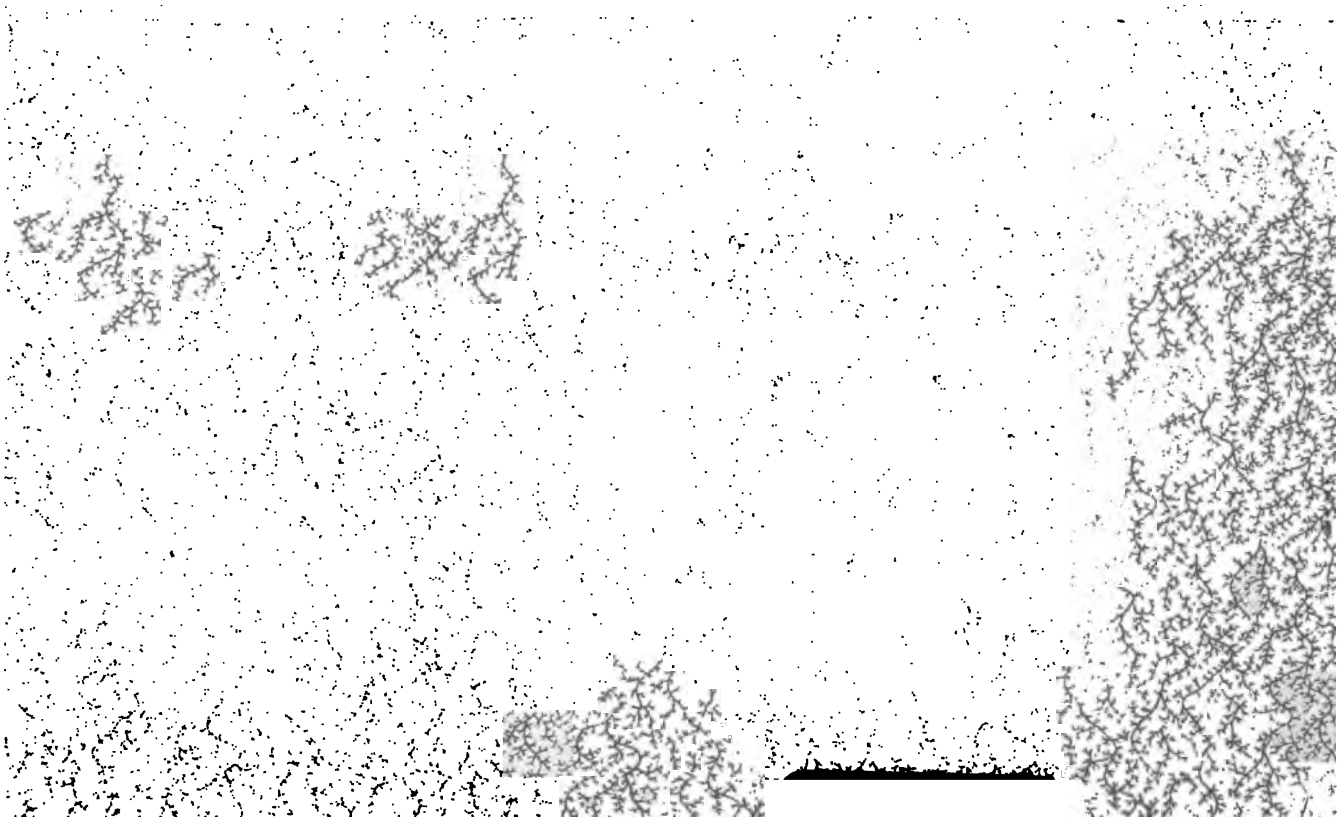
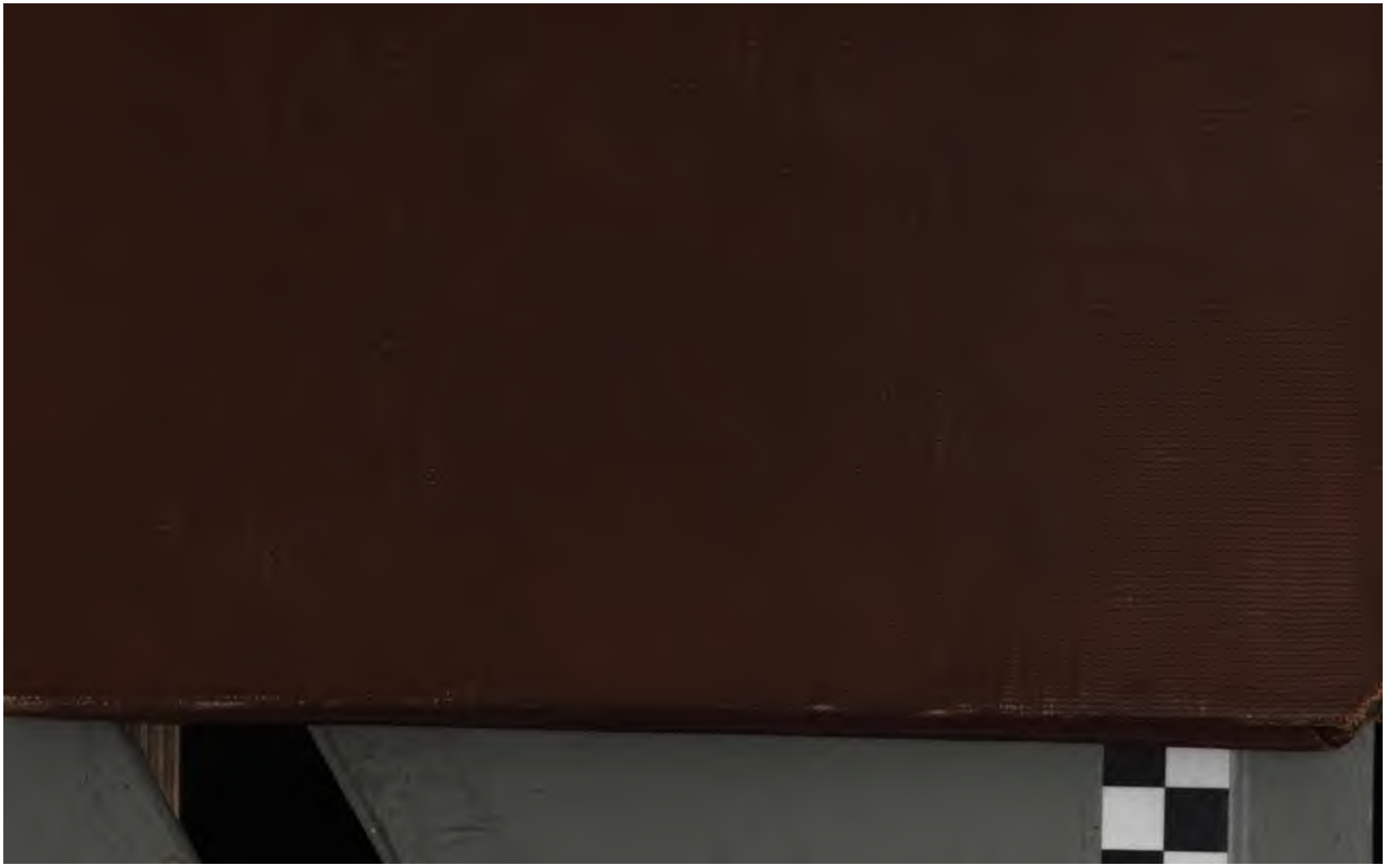
DR. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's blessing.
A Wife that makes conserves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need;
October store, and best Virginia,
Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea;
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince;
A Chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in:
The Polyglott—three parts,—my text:
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next:
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the Squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays—if he will;

Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for some new Gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

END OF VOL. II.

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